HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1289.
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

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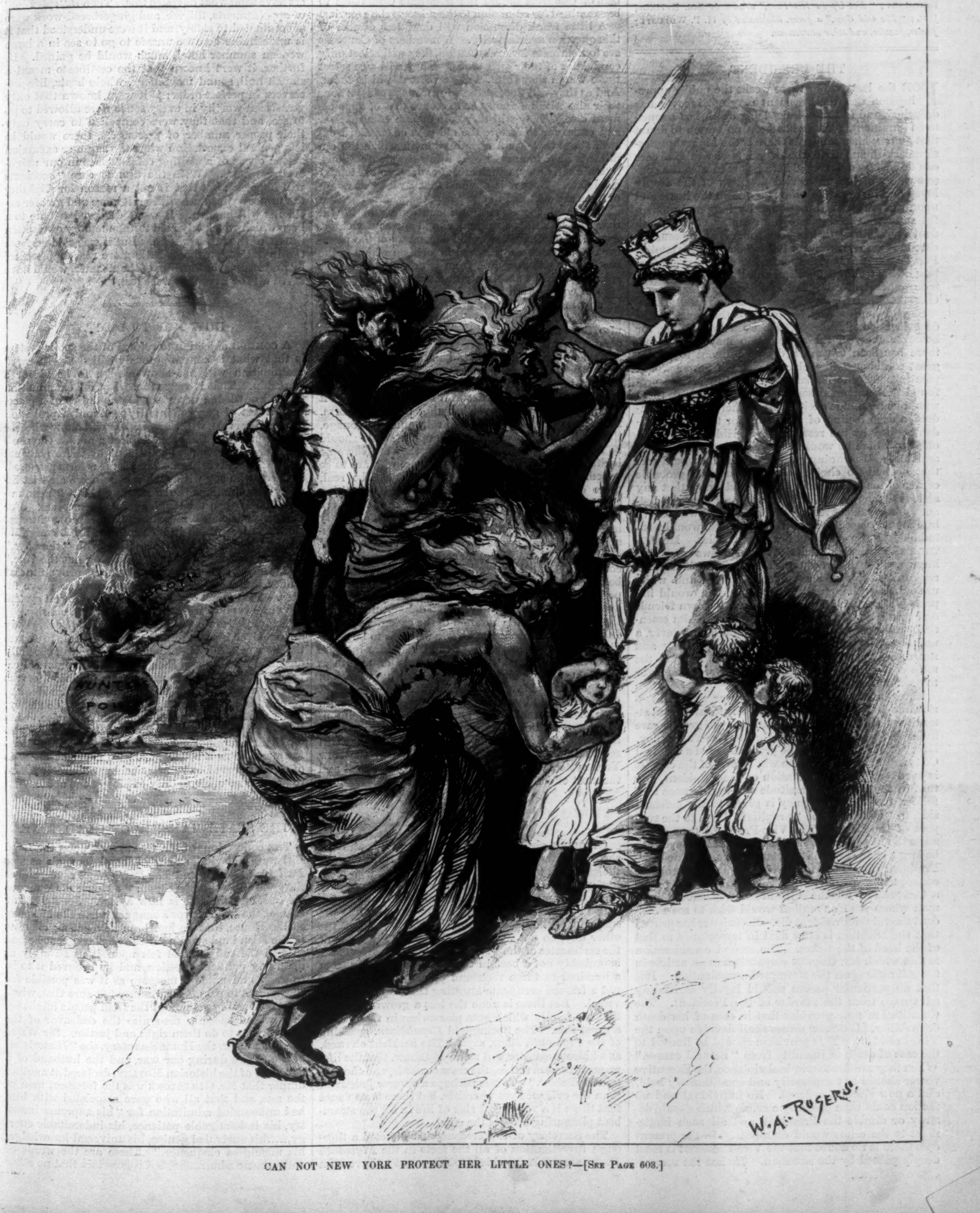
BROTH
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W. A. ROGERS

CAN NOT NEW YORK PROTECT HER LITTLE ONES?—[SEE PAGE 603.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 96 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued August 30, contains "An Ancient Traveller," the story of* MARCO POLO; *an interesting article on Frog-Catching, and how it can be made to pay, illustrated; Chapter V. of "Tim and Tip," by the author of "Toby Tyler," illustrated by* ROGERS; *"Phil's Burglar," a story by* FRANK CONVERSE; *Chapter III. of "Penelope," illustrated by* E. A. ABBEY; *"Every Cloud has a Silver Lining," a picture drawn by* C. S. REINHART; *"Not Up in His Part," drawn by* SOL EYTINGE, JUN.; *"The Old Gun," a poem, illustrated by* H. P. WOLCOTT; *poems, puzzles, and other attractions.*

THE PRESIDENT.

FOR the last two or three weeks the public apprehension that the President may not recover has deepened, and at times, indeed, his death has seemed to be imminent. There has been no reason to doubt that among his attendants there is the highest professional skill, and that whatever knowledge and care can do has been done. There has been also the consciousness of the unwearied devotion of the deeply loved and loving wife, who is borne in the heart and upon the prayers of a nation. By long and mournful suspense the shock to the country of the President's possible death has been somewhat broken, but should it occur, it can not fail to be a great calamity. Party difference has disappeared in universal admiration of his tranquil heroism, and there is probably a more general affection and confidence felt for General GARFIELD than for any President since WASHINGTON.

Should he die—and, as we write, this must not be deemed impossible or perhaps even improbable, for however cheerful the anticipation may seem to be, there has been too much disappointment to permit great confidence—the chief Executive power would pass tranquilly to his successor. With all the profound and universal sorrow for the President, there would be no undue excitement. There would be, indeed, a deep feeling of sympathy for the Vice-President, called by the results of a terrible crime to an office to which he would not have been elected. An amiable, well-meaning, patriotic man, he would feel that he had no choice but to pursue the probable course of his predecessor. He would know that any serious disturbance of that course, any flagrant defiance of the evident feeling of the country, would give him such a place in our annals as no man would wish to hold. But we must not expect miracles. Mr. ARTHUR'S political associations and views are well known. The duties of the Presidency, with all their responsibility, would devolve upon him, and while undoubtedly the gravity of the situation would impress him deeply, he would still have his own friends and counsellors. Events could not make him essentially a different man. There would be, however, a universal disposition to treat him generously and not to anticipate evil, and he could count upon the most cordial and general support of every endeavor to promote the public welfare.

There are two considerations, however, which this serious moment should commend closely to intelligent attention. One is the absolute necessity of greater care in the selection of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Every one familiar with the proceedings of a national Convention knows that the whole force of the contest is spent upon the nomination of the President, and that in the universal lassitude and indifference that follow, the Vice-Presidency is given to the defeated side, to "conciliate" or "propitiate" them to the support of the ticket. The Vice-President thus represents the discontented faction, and if this happens to be large, or to control important States, and the Vice-President should be an active politician, the probable consequences are obvious. The candidate selected by a Convention for the Vice-Presidency should be a man whom the Convention would wish to see President should the President die. Experience has proved that the selection is only next in importance to that of the head of the ticket. The second consideration is that which Mr. GODKIN emphasizes in an article in the *Atlantic* upon the attempted assassination. It is that no particular person should legally derive any advantage from the murder of the President. The Constitution now provides that in case of his death or inability, his official duties shall devolve upon the Vice-President. This provision should be limited to the case of death or inability from "natural causes." When they are due to criminal violence, the Executive power should be temporarily and conditionally held, and a new election ordered. No individual and no faction could then profit by a crime which should destroy or disable the President, and all such incitement to the crime would disappear. In the present case there is no doubt that the Vice-President is most deeply pained by the situation. He has the sorrowful consciousness that his elevation would be due to a dastardly crime, which he condemns as sternly and laments as truly as any of his fellow-citizens, yet a crime which contemplated *his* elevation. But he would see, with all good citizens, the reason of a provision which should deprive such crime of its chief incentive. As we go to press the President is living, and while the country is undoubtedly prepared for the news of his death, it is certainly especially true of a man of his healthy vigor of constitution and temperament that while there is life there is hope.

HOW TO DO IT.

THE question is sometimes asked, and it is even said to have been considered by the cabinet, why members of Congress should not nominate candidates to be examined for admission to the minor public service.

A little frank discussion will doubtless dispose of this question satisfactorily. If members of Congress are to nominate for examination, they will select only candidates of their own party. They will also select those whom they think will be most useful to them. And as they will thus have the patronage of selection, their aim will inevitably be to secure that of appointment also. They will therefore oppose competition, and endeavor to restore the old pass or standard examination, that is, an examination in which the applicants have to answer only a few simple questions, intentionally easy, which are, of course, no bar to any candidate. Now it is obvious that so long as nominations are confined to one party, the wholly partisan character of the service will continue, and it will therefore be still the "plunder" and spoils of victory. Again, as nominations would depend upon the member of Congress, the personal favoritism which is the root of the existing evil, from which all the abuses spring, would be absolutely untouched. The advantage of competition is that it annuls this favoritism in appointment. But if nomination by favor is to precede examination, we have at once introduced into the scheme the force which is most hostile to competition.

Undoubtedly, if there is to be reform or limitation of the present system, members of Congress would wish to have the power of nomination as a compromise. But they would desire it mainly for the aid it would give them in overthrowing the real reform. If they are honestly willing to relinquish patronage, that is, if they are willing that appointments should be made upon proved fitness only, they can have no legitimate interest in designating those who are to be tested. If the renunciation of patronage be real, there can be no good reason why the competition should not be perfectly open, because the larger the number of applicants, the greater the choice, and only in a perfectly open competition does partisanship disappear. We can see no advantage in a Congressional nomination of candidates for competition over an open competition of all proper applicants; and it is not to be doubted that it would end in breaking down competition itself. Nor can we see any propriety whatever, but, on the contrary, great danger, in making the legislative a direct branch of the executive power. Indeed, one of the crying abuses which is to be remedied is this very intrusion of the legislature into the executive department. The principle of reform is selection for appointment by proved qualification, not by personal favor nor for political opinion. But the nomination by members of Congress would retain both the personal favor and the political opinion. We have no doubt, therefore, that, upon reflection, this will be evident to the cabinet, and that they will see that what we may now properly call the New York system of open competition is the simplest and the most effective way of reform.

WHO'S AFRAID?

GIGGLING girls who jump up in a row-boat, from sheer ignorance, and cry "Who's afraid?" may nevertheless come to grief, and pleasure-seekers who recklessly crowd huge river steamers and go to sea may share the same fate. The constant accidents occurring to the steamers plying about the city, like the snapping of the steam-pipe on the *Plymouth Rock* the other day, do not inspire confidence in the value of the certificates of the "steamboat inspectors." There is probably not a boat in these waters carrying from a hundred to three thousand passengers which has not a framed certificate attesting that she is a sound vessel. But there is none the less a growing feeling that the family which goes pleasuring in them takes a great risk. The Springfield *Republican*, speaking of the *Plymouth Rock*, says, "The accident showed, as a hideous disaster will some day show, that the life-preservers were rotten, the crew cowards, and the captain inefficient." This is perhaps a severer judgment than the evidence yet warrants, but there is no doubt that there is a very great risk of life in all the steamboat pleasuring around the city.

The Secretary of the Treasury has directed a thorough investigation of all the facts in the *Plymouth Rock* case. But the chief trouble seems to have been that of the giggling girl, mere heedlessness and "who's afraid?" The steamer was built for inland navigation, and was sent to sea. The ocean beyond Sandy Hook tries a vessel with all its force and fury, and, heaving and straining this inland steamer, snaps her steam-pipe. It is strange that any one who knows the ocean and who has seen these inland boats built high with tiers of decks and of a singularly fragile appearance—however strong they may be—should wish to venture in them to sea. A vessel to be properly fit to go to Long Branch should be fit to go to Liverpool, and the fitness is not to be judged by the pleasant week of smooth sea, but by the day of wind and wave and ocean strain.

But the essential points are more care in building and more confidence in official inspection. The chief peril hitherto has been fire, and the new iron steamers have somewhat obviated this. Then if "splendor" of appointments, filigree, and gingerbread-work were subordinated to safety, and it were understood that it is undesirable because unsafe to go to sea in a large wooden summer hotel, much would be gained. If, further, it were known that the certificate meant a stanch hull, sound machinery, whole boats, life-preservers in perfect order; if it were known that only vessels sea-worthy in every sense were allowed to go to sea, and that they were compelled to carry only their proper number of passengers, there would be less general expectation when the summer excursion season opens of appalling catastrophes in our neighboring waters. With the utmost care "accidents will happen"; but that is not a reason for slighting the utmost care, since without it more and greater accidents will happen. It was a deserved tribute to a hero which was lately paid to the memory of Captain SMITH, of the *Seawanhaka*. But it was evident from the investigation that a little more reasonable care, by preventing the burning of the steamer, would have saved all the lives that were lost.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

A COMMON objection to reform of the spoils system is that what is contemptuously called a "literary" examination will not show a man to be fit for a clerkship. That is very true. But an examination in the knowledge necessary to the duties of a place, with a test of general intelligence, and a probation of actual service, will show it. It will show whether a man is fit for the place he seeks, and at the same time it will prevent appointment by mere personal and political favoritism. That is the reform proposed.

Those who say with such a conclusive air that literary examinations prove nothing about fitness, unconsciously turn the laugh against themselves. For does a politician's recommendation prove fitness? Do the letters which influential men are besought to write prove fitness? Do drinking with "the boys," and carrying banners, and "bringing out the vote," and "never asking anything before," prove fitness? Under the spoils system nobody cares to prove fitness. That is not the principle. Under that system the place is not a trust, but a reward or a charity.

The object of an examination is to give everybody an equal chance, to break up favoritism, to secure the most generally intelligent and the most specially qualified persons, and then to test their practical capacity. This is what makes the abolition of the spoils system the people's reform, the improvement of politics, and the security of economy, efficiency, and self-respect in the minor public service. Let those who wish to abolish the spoils system, and who laugh at examinations, probations, and promotions for merit, show a better way. To sneer at methods of reform proved to be practicable and effective, and to propose no other, is only to protect the abuse.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF GLADSTONE.

THE concessions of Mr. GLADSTONE upon the Land Bill were not vital, as such Liberal journals as *The Pall Mall Gazette* and *The Daily News* agree, and as the great Liberal majorities in the House of Commons showed, and the bill is now a law. JOHN BRIGHT said, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, when the bill passed the House, that he had been advocating changes in the Irish land system for thirty years; that he had studied the subject, and felt upon it as strongly as upon any political question, and he believed it to be as great and noble a measure as it was possible for Parliament to pass. Mr. BRIGHT felt sure that, whatever the passing passion of the Irish people might be, they would speedily recognize the endeavor of the government to do them right and justice. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the Home Secretary, the "Historicus" of the *Times* during our war, and the husband of a daughter of the historian MOTLEY, declared at another dinner that Mr. GLADSTONE was the foremost man of the age, and that all who were associated with him had unbounded admiration for "his supreme industry, his indefatigable patience, his indomitable energy,.....his unrivaled genius, his universal knowledge, his matchless eloquence." These are the words of enthusiastic admiration, but it is certain that no other man than Mr. Gladstone could have achieved the task.

It remains now to see the effect of this law upon Ireland and Irish agitation. Mr. Parnell at least is not satisfied. He and the Land League, or many of its chief leaders, will continue the agitation, because their ultimate object is practical independence. The land agitation is but a means to them, not an end. If every amendment that Mr. Parnell has offered had been adopted, he would still have agitated. The poverty and ignorance of the Irish are so great, and the tradition of wrong so tenacious and profound, that the movement for independence will continue indefinitely. The very fact that it is British, not Irish, legislation which lightens the burden is in itself a wrong to the Irish mind. There is always the difference of race and of religion to which to appeal. The national melodies and the historic fields are all eloquent agitators. It needs but a man of genius like O'Connell, or a cool pertinacious politician like Parnell, to touch the spark that never goes out, and kindle a flame of popular excitement.

But whatever the practical operation of the law in Ireland, there is no question that its conduct through Parliament by Mr. Gladstone has been one of the great historical feats of British statesmanship. The *Spectator* rivals Sir William Harcourt in epithets of enthusiasm with which to describe the Prime Minister. The purpose has been one adapted to appeal to his patriotism, his imagination, and his conscience, and to inspire all his extraordinary powers. He has spurned the low level of selfish interests as they are generally conceived, and, in Emerson's phrase, he has "hitched his wagon to a star." That is to say, he has seen clearly that the true British "interest" in dealing with Ireland is justice, and that statesmanship lay in a measure which, while showing the desire of justice, and securing juster relations, should also be such as to commend the support of Parliament and the approval of English opinion. There has really been no such moral lift in a minister's policy in England since Sir Robert Peel's repeal of the Corn Laws, and the later act is the more striking because Sir Robert came slowly, and as it were reluctantly, to his conclusions, while Mr. Gladstone's mind and conscience have moved together. His hold upon the admiring regard of his country was probably never so strong and so sure as at this moment. During the debate in the Lords the Duke of Argyll brilliantly taunted the government, in a striking, original, and elaborate metaphor, as being jelly-fish, which are very handsome, and seem to be vigorously swimming, but which really lack backbone, and drift with the current. But the Duke admitted that they were all carried by the same necessity. It was brilliant, but it was unsound. For what is statesmanship but the ability to comprehend and to put into practicable and effective reform the real conviction and desire of a nation? This is what Mr. Gladstone has done. It is this which makes him a true leader, while the Duke is but a reluctant follower.

A FRENCH LADY OF THE EMPIRE.

The *Letters of Madame De Rémusat*, a late issue of the "Franklin Square Library," are a vivid picture of the court life of Paris at the beginning of the century. The tone in which Napoleon is mentioned is very different from that of the *Memoirs*. But the *Memoirs*, as we have them, were written after his fall, and the *Letters* during his ascendency. Nor only that, but they were addressed to her husband, who was in personal attendance upon Napoleon, and as the writer knew they would undoubtedly be opened and read at any time. Thus in another way the *Letters* aid the *Memoirs* in dissipating the glamour that has gathered around Bonaparte.

M. De Rémusat had charge of the imperial amusements, and there are some striking glimpses of Talma. It is interesting also to read letters from Napoleon's court upon receipt of the news of Austerlitz. But the whole impression is that of the utter wearisomeness and dreariness of courts, and this is no less striking in these sketches of the *parvenu* court of Napoleon than in Miss Burney's account of the dull and dismal court of George III. The infinite pettiness of everything, the small intrigues and jealousies, the vapid tattle or envious gossip, the vulgar display and wretched rivalry, the total want of a generous, elevated, intellectual, or spiritual tone, are as evident in Madame De Rémusat and Miss Burney as in Hervey's *Memoir of the Court of George II.*, or the diary of Frederick the Great's sister.

The fond little French lady herself appears pleasantly in these *Letters*, an affectionate, devoted wife, and really full of sympathy, perhaps half-unconscious, for Josephine and Hortense. But what unexpected glimpses the quiet *Letters* give into that tremendous time! What unconsciousness in them of the forces really at work! Yet what a pleasing picture of a French lady of the Empire!

MR. McELROY AND THE ALBANY "EVENING JOURNAL."

The anonymousness of editorial writing in many of the chief journals of the country prevents many an admirable editorial writer from being personally known. But when such a writer rises naturally to the head of a leading and influential journal, it is impossible for him longer to be concealed. When Mr. Charles E. Smith retired about two years ago from the editorial control of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and assumed that of the Philadelphia *Press*, a thoroughly trained journalist was lost to New York. But the chief Republican paper in the State outside of the city, and a paper published at the capital, has, of course, an editorial staff in which commanders may be found.

The veteran of the *Journal*, since Mr. Weed's retirement, Mr. George Dawson, immediately succeeded Mr. Smith, but, as he announced, temporarily. Mr. Dawson's conduct of the paper has shown that to be a veteran is to be only more vigorous, incisive, brilliant, and effective than ever. During his incumbency the *Evening Journal* has been a powerful representative of the truest Republicanism, and an exceedingly fresh and valuable paper. How much of its sustained excellence has been due to Mr. Dawson's lieutenants it is impossible to say, but the one of them who is most widely known, Mr. William H. McElroy, has now succeeded Mr. Dawson as editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*.

During the long and bitter contest with the unscrupulous party "machine," which sought to ruin the *Journal* because of its courageous independence, Mr. McElroy poured in hot shot of argument, fun, and appeal with a readiness and force which showed that his present elevation is the result of a process of natural selection. In his witty and brilliant "Letter from an Old War-Horse," Mr. McElroy revealed an uncommon and most effective power of popular satire; and his long editorial experience and special training, as well as his earnest convictions, his facility, tact, and ability, are the assurance that the character of the paper which he editorially controls will be maintained at its highest standard.

MRS. LIVERMORE IN ENGLAND.

Mrs. Livermore in a letter from London to the *Woman's Journal* speaks of a meeting of the Anti-Vivisection Society, and of the papers which the next morning reported the meeting, and denounced certain cruelties of vivisection. But she says that in the same paper there was a column of outrages committed by drunken and brutal men upon wives and children, at which the papers expressed no horror, and she asks with calm satire whether the societies to prevent cruelty to animals might not be wisely petitioned to include women in their beneficent efforts. "Women have long been accustomed to be ranked with idiots and felons—need there be any hesitation, then, in classing them with animals, especially if this will give protection to those needing it?"

Some "personals" in the same letter are interesting. Mrs. Livermore says:

"It is a misnomer nowadays to call John Bright 'liberal.' He honored me with a brief interview at the house of his niece, and I found him more hopelessly conservative on almost all questions than any man I met in London. Most of his female relatives are in the front rank of the leading reforms of the day, utterly unhindered by his conservative attitude.

"I have also enjoyed a rare opportunity of hearing Dr. James Martineau, the only surviving brother of Harriet. I had pictured him as aged and feeble, and was surprised to see a man who, though owning to seventy-five years of life, shows few signs of age. Erect and elastic in figure, with abundant iron-gray hair, and a full musical voice, he spoke an hour without showing weakness or weariness. The closely packed house was held spell-bound by the music of his voice, the grace of his style, and the breadth of his thought.

"I was much interested in Cardinal Manning, a remarkable man of seventy-three, spare almost to emaciation, and bald as if shorn, his appearance severely monastic. In voice and manner he is very pleasing, and his address was full of humanity and tenderness. Like Canon Farrar, Cardinal Manning is a 'teetotaler,' as the phrase is in London, and both continually preach total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as the only salvation of England from its appalling drunkenness."

PERSONAL.

An uninteresting person named Morrison, of Brownsville, Ohio, having expressed a hope that the President would die, was promptly slapped in the face by Captain A. C. Cook. On this Morrison went to law, and Cook was fined. A penny subscription to ameliorate the pecuniary position of Captain C., by paying the fine and costs ($32), has resulted in enabling him to put $450 in bank, and subscriptions are still coming in. A $175 gold watch is also to be given to him. He has already declined a nomination to the State Senate, and refused to be a candidate for County Treasurer, saying he is unfitted for those positions. There is a likelihood, however, of his being made postmaster of Newark, Ohio.

—The simple marble slab which marks the grave of Washington Irving is distinguished from the other graves in the plot by a well-worn pathway at the side, and the marked defacement made by chipping both head and foot stones for mementos. These are the second stones which have been placed over the grave. The first were so badly broken up that the inscription became illegible.

—Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt, who has spent so many years in the East, has devoted careful study and research as to the numbers of the Mohammedans, and calculates that they are not less than 175,000,000. During the last hundred years the progress of Islamism in Africa has been immense. The one great reason why the negro takes to the Prophet is that at once he is accepted as a friend and brother by the Mohammedan missionary. He says to the negro: "Come up and sit beside me. Give me your daughter, and take mine. All who pronounce the formula of Islam are equal in this world and in the next."

—Dean Stanley's will has been probated, and his personal estate sworn under $450,000. The income of this, added to his official salary, must have made him very comfortable. The salary of the Dean of Westminster is $10,000 a year, together with an elegant residence. Add to these the wedding and other fees, and the deanery is the pleasantest of all the soft places in the Church of England.

—Herr Krupp, the great German gun-maker, is so much pressed with orders that he has engaged 8000 more workmen, making his total force of workmen 13,000.

—The Queen is a great collector of autographs. She recently purchased two of the MSS. of the Disraeli novels for about $100 each. The best autographic collection of this sort in the United States is in the possession of Mr. George W. Childs.

—Pleas Harper, a colored man, is one of the most successful farmers in Georgia. He has just bought, for $32,000, 2100 acres of land lying on Broad River, in Oglethorpe County. The white man who sold it to him says: "There is not a better business man in Oglethorpe County than this negro. He can tell you to a cent how he stands with the world, and as a farmer I never saw a better. He is economical, his family all work, and he can get more out of a hand than any one I ever saw. Pleas, too, is not an all-cotton farmer. He has been making from 100 to 150 bales of cotton a year on rented land, besides growing enough supplies to run his place. In fact, his cotton crop is nearly all clear money. You just ought to see the Bermuda grass hay he has saved this summer."

—It is said that ex-President Hayes, during his visit in England, will be the guest of Mr. J. H. Puleston, "the American member," as he is pleasantly called. He could scarcely fall into better or more hospitable hands.

—The following interesting letter was written by the venerable Emperor of Germany to the renowned scholar and discoverer, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann:

"The investigation at the site of ancient Troy, to which you have devoted yourself for years past, has interested me very much from the commencement. I have carefully followed the progress and incidents of your undertaking, and greet it with peculiar pleasure that your zeal and energy have succeeded in showing such happy results in the course you have taken. Your bold researches have in the course of a few years greatly enriched archæological science, and unlocked a region of early culture hitherto unknown to us. With great sympathy, therefore, I have read with great pleasure your work, *Ilios, the City and Country of the Trojans*, which gives a faithful description of your excavations, and of the treasures which have been brought to light, and thank you sincerely for directing my attention to them. I hope in the autumn, on my return to Berlin, to find time to make a personal inspection of the interesting collection of Trojan antiquities which you have so generously presented to the German people. Wilhelm.

"Gastine, *July* 20, 1881."

—Mr. Clare Sewell Read, an eminent practical agriculturist of England, recently told the Chamber of Agriculture of Norfolk, the leading agricultural county, that if even all local taxation were abolished, they could not farm successfully. All taxes had increased during the last thirty years, although the price of grain was lower. Unless rents are reduced, a separation must take place between landlord and tenant. This distress, he averred, was the outcome of free trade, which other countries had not adopted. He thought that England would be absorbed by America, or perhaps become the harbor of the world, and Englishmen become, like the Dutch, mere hucksters.

—Major Seth Pierce, of Cornwall, Connecticut, the sole remaining representative of the class of 1806 at Yale, has just died. He was nearly a hundred years old.

—Mr. John M. Francis, editor of the Troy *Times*, says that when he was Minister to Greece, in 1872, Mr. Bancroft, then Minister at Berlin, came to Athens, and together they went to the Acropolis by moonlight. "Standing in the Parthenon, on the spot where the statue of Minerva in ivory and gold once had its location, but where only the platform now remains, Mr. Bancroft, with uncovered head and eyes slightly upraised, repeated with spontaneous inspiration a magnificent passage from Homer. The scene was remarkably impressive, the moonlight flooding those ancient ruins and gilding the figure of that snowy-bearded pilgrim from our Occidental shores, august with official honors past and present of a great republic, but more august as a citizen of high rank in the imperishable republic of letters."

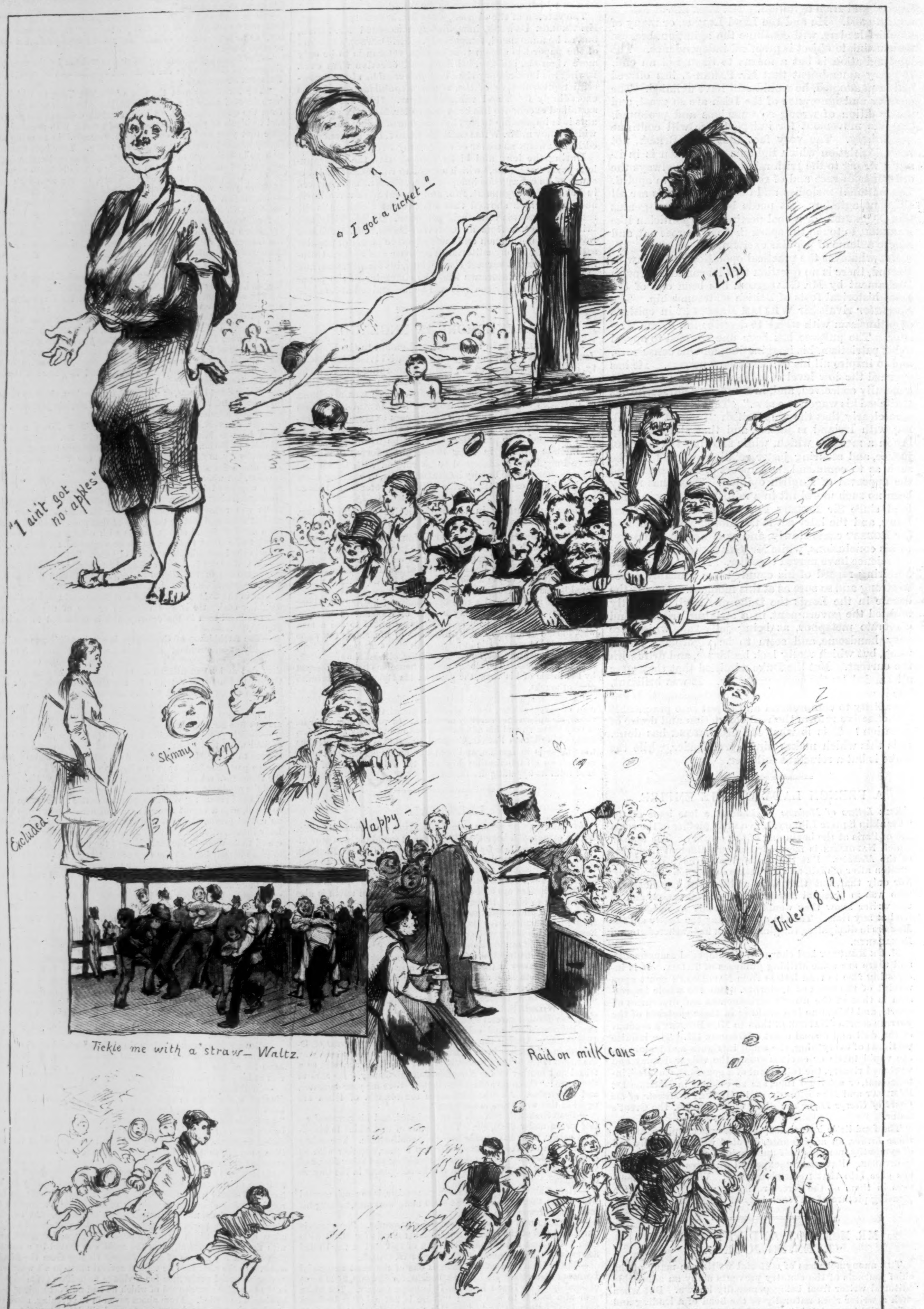
—Mr. William L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, one of the railway magnates of the United States, was in 1846 a page in Congress. General Charles M. Reed, then the largest steamboat proprietor in the United States, took him home, and employed him in weighing coal. He is now regarded as one of the most sagacious railroad men in the country, and is estimated to be worth $5,000,000.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury is apt in talking to students. Recently at an examination he said it was sometimes well to offer examiners what they don't ask when you are unable to give what they do; and he mentioned a case in point. A young man at Oxford had a paper set him by Mr. Keble containing six questions, to which he replied, "I can not answer any of these questions, but here are six that I can answer," and he answered his own questions so well that he passed. All examiners, however, are not like Mr. Keble.

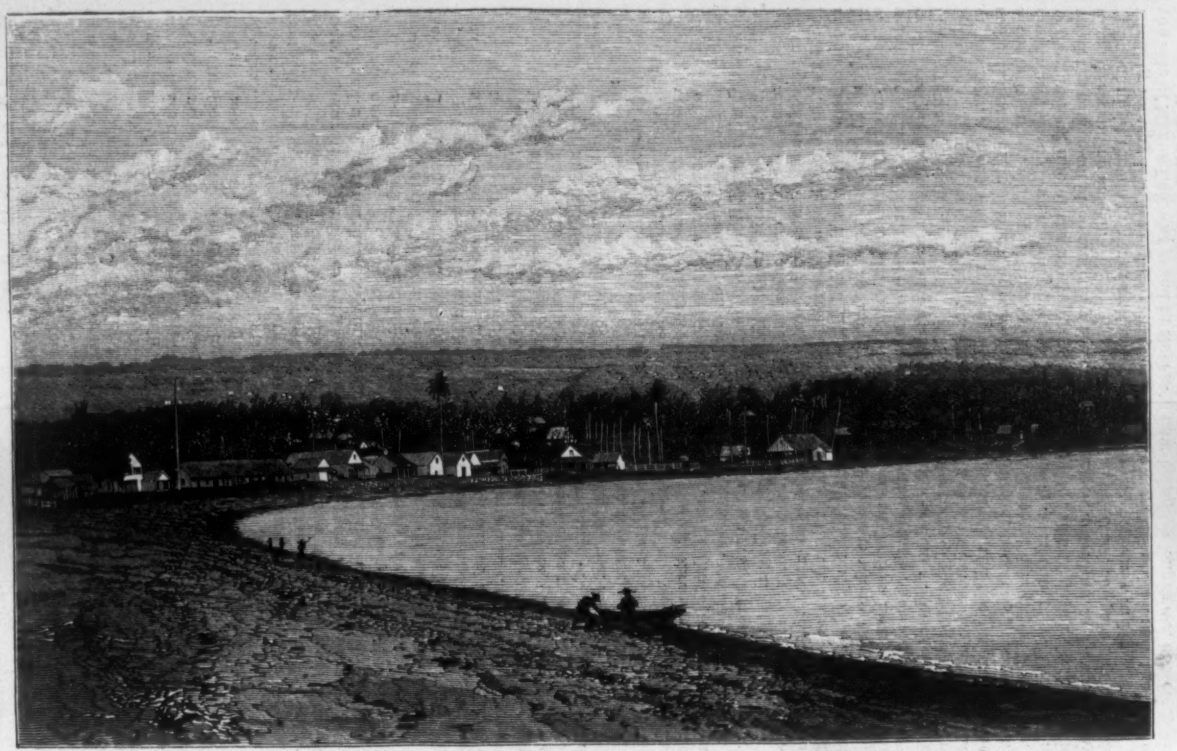
—Society people remember how the Queen's royal nerves were excited when told of the engagement of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to young Mr. Bartlett. At the Prince of Wales's recent garden party her Majesty gave a lively exhibition of her dislike of the Baroness's action. Doubtless our lady readers will be glad to read the whole story, which is thus told by the London correspondent of the *Tribune*: "What happened was this: The Queen stood, as usual, with a vacant space in front of her—a space into which no mortal presumes to set foot without signal from her Majesty. Lady Burdett-Coutts was seen advancing through the crowd—for crowd there was—to the inner hem of the outer circle, with intent to place herself beneath the eyes of the Queen, and so secure that recognition which would entitle her to approach the sovereign, and give, as she hoped, some visible token to the world that she was once more in her Majesty's good graces. Many saw the Baroness's movement. The Queen saw it, and what her Majesty did on seeing it was to turn her royal back on the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and walk smartly off to another part of the grounds. The act was done too publicly and in too marked a way to leave any doubt of its meaning. Indeed, it has always been said the Queen would never forgive what she thought the scandal of this marriage. She holds strict views on such subjects, of which she has many a time given proof, and of which she has now given one more, at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's expense. Still, with reference to the same garden party, I cull the following from a society journal, 'Her Majesty the Queen honored Madame Nilsson with the gracious distinction of retaining her quite ten minutes in a conversation, as I am informed, of the most flattering and condescending kind.'"

—Robert Browning saunters through the crowd at the Royal Academy entertainments with a kind word and warm grasp of the hand for all his friends, and, above all, "a stolen glance of affection at his son's pictures as he quietly passes them by."

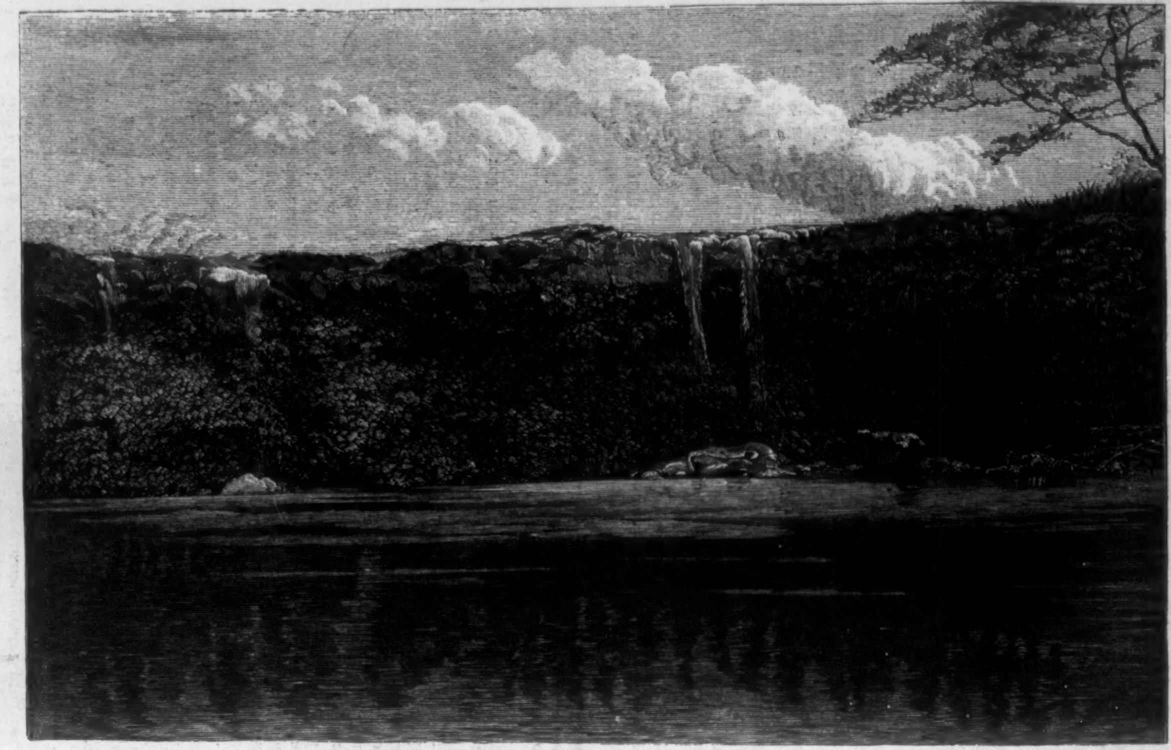
—In Professor Colvin's *Life of Landor*, recently published by Harper & Brothers in their series of "English Men of Letters," the following interesting sketch of the poet's daily habits is given: "Landor's habits were to breakfast at nine, and write principally before noon. His mode of writing was peculiar; he would sit absorbed in apparently vacant thought, but inwardly giving the finishing touches to the verses or the periods which he had last been maturing while he walked or lay awake at night; when he was ready he would seize suddenly on one of the many scraps of paper and one of the many stumps of swan quills that usually lay at hand, and would write down what was in his head hastily, in his rough sloping characters, sprawling or compressed, according to the space, and dry the written paper in the ashes. At two he dined, either alone or in the company of some single favored friend, often on viands which he had himself bought and dressed, and with the accompaniment, when the meal was shared by a second person, of a few glasses of some famous vintage from the family cellar. In the afternoon he walked several miles, in all weathers, having a special preference for a village near Bath (Widcombe), in the beautiful church-yard of which he had now determined that he should be buried. From about seven in the evening, after the simplest possible tea, he generally read till late at night. His walls were covered with bad pictures, which he bought cheap, as formerly from the dealers of Florence, so now from those of Bath, and which his imagination endowed with every sign and every circumstance of authenticity."


"I ain't got no apples"
"I got a ticket"
"Lily"
"Skinny"
Excluded
Happy
Under 18 (?)
"Tickle me with a "straw"—Waltz.
Raid on milk cans

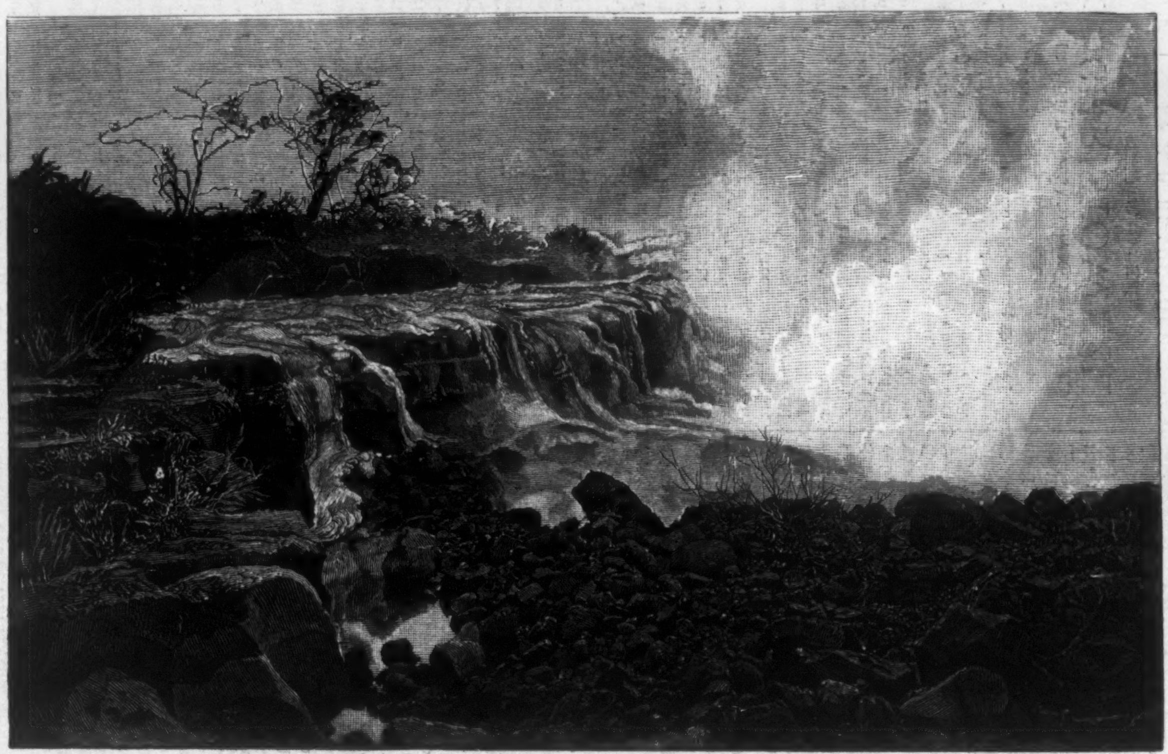
EXCURSION OF NEWSBOYS AND BOOT-BLACKS.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 603.]



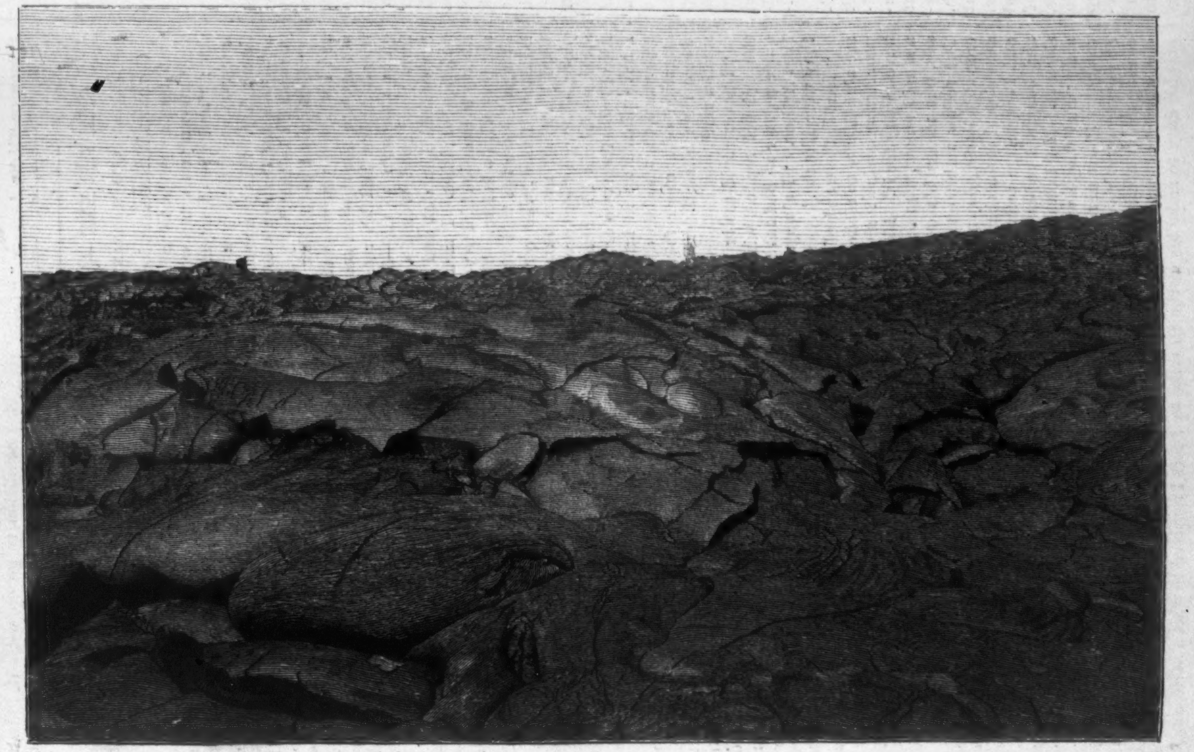
THE TOWN OF HILO, THREATENED BY THE LAVA STREAM.



LAVA BEGINNING TO DROP OVER A WATER-FALL.



APPEARANCE OF THE FALL AN HOUR LATER.



THE FALL BURIED UNDER THE LAVA FLOW.

THE LAVA FLOW FROM MAUNA LOA, SANDWICH ISLANDS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

A RIVER OF FIRE.

JUST at dusk on the evening of Friday, November 5, 1880, there was a sudden outbreak near the summit of Mauna Loa, the famous volcanic mountain of Hawaii, the largest and southernmost of the Sandwich Island group. The new crater, or series of craters, is on the side of the mountain some twelve miles distant from the summit crater of Mokuaweoweo, which remained quiescent. The eruption was unaccompanied by any earthquake shock, and no ashes or showers of volcanic cinder were emitted, but three immense rivers of lava poured down the mountain-slope, one flowing toward Kau, one toward Mauna Kea, and the other and largest toward Hilo, on the eastern side of the island, and in a northeasterly direction from the new crater.

The last-mentioned was from the first the most active flow, and is the only one now moving. It is divided into different branches, but is pressing onward toward the sea, sometimes quite rapidly, and again so slowly that its progress is scarcely noticeable. For some time after the outbreak the extreme point of the flow was composed of a kind of lava known as *a-a*, simply large masses of rock and red-hot blocks of lava pushed forward by the great body of *pahoehoe*, or liquid lava, behind.

The main stream confined itself to no valley, cañon, or other depression, but followed down the mountain, crossing and recrossing old flows of previous dates, but not keeping in the track of any, sweeping onward and downward with irresistible force, making a pathway for itself as it went, filling up holes, caverns, and old crevasses, tumbling down precipitous descents, falling over cliffs in its way, in some cases obliterating them, and in others adding to their height, levelling forests in its course, and spreading destruction on every hand, and leaving behind a desolate stretch of black and broken masses of lava piled in heaps and strewn about in the greatest disorder.

In the daytime this *a-a* in the van-guard of the flow, a great wall of red-hot débris some thirty feet in height, appeared like a confused mass, sliding, rolling, pitching downward, slowly but steadily pressed on, while the long line of the flow upward toward the source could be traced by the columns of ascending smoke.

But at night the long river of molten lava, winding its way like a fiery serpent along the side of Mauna Loa, was grand in the extreme—a line of the most magnificent pyrotechnic display imaginable. The fountain-head near Mokuaweoweo was a blaze of brilliant light, spreading a dazzling halo over the summit of Mauna Loa, illuminating the whole superincumbent heavens, and visible at sea a distance of more than a hundred miles. Ever and anon fountains of the liquid fire would spurt hundreds of feet above the summit line, only to disappear, and be succeeded by others of equal brilliancy; again a huge mass of the seething fusion would burst upward and outward, thrown from the crater apparently by some great explosion, and descend in showers of fiery spray; fierce tongues of flame would leap into the sky, and the effect of these evanescent darts of light piercing and playing upon the dense clouds of overhanging smoke was wonderful to behold.

Below the summit fires was the stream of burning lava marching onward to the sea, like a grand army bearing weapons of flame. Steadily it crawled along, inch by inch, foot by foot, rod by rod, mile by mile, working its way through dense woods and rank undergrowth, spreading over great rocks, and passing seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Nothing could stop it; nothing could check its onward career. In some places it would spread over a little flat or valley, forming a shallow lake of liquid fire, and the surface, cooling, would assume different hues, from a blood red to a dying purple. Then the stream beneath would suddenly break through fissures in the crust, and trace uneven lines of white and bright red lava of varying width and form over the paler light of the slowly cooling surface. Small straggling branches from either side of the main flow would push their way into the surrounding forest, and the light from the burning bushes and trees that fell before it was dull in comparison to the dazzling brilliancy of the liquid mass.

Disappearing from view behind some intervening ridge or point, it would emerge lower down, flowing quietly along, having the appearance of a strip of burnished gold enamelled with flame, and would then descend into a narrow gorge between high walls, and as if angered at being thus confined, would tear onward, an avalanche of fiery fluid. Immense rocks weighing many tons were borne along like chips on a winter freshet, and the grinding and grating and groaning of the mass as it ploughed its way, the hissing of the water as the hot lava plunged into it, the deafening roar, like the beating of the angry surf on a storm-bound coast, and the continual explosions, like the discharge of heavy ordnance, were sounds appalling to hear.

Reaching a declivity, the glowing torrent would pour downward, and form successive cascades of liquid fire. Occasionally a great quantity of red-hot and white-hot *a-a* would be thrown upward like pebbles tossed from the hands of a giant, and again a column of lava would shoot upward from the burning river, and cooling in mid-air, descend in showers of blackened beads. Great bubbles would lift themselves above the surface for a moment, and then be swallowed by the moving mass. Huge cones would suddenly rise upward from the body of the flow, and grow until like towers or castles of frozen flame, and then slowly cool off, and remain stationary like great black monsters in the centre of the stream of lava. Small branches from the main flow would crawl in all directions through the tangled underbrush and beautiful ferns, which, drooping over the front of the burning lava, would tremble a moment, and then, slowly withering and curling before the intense heat, fall like grain before the reaper's scythe, and perish, emitting a momentary flame to show the green ranks of shrubbery behind awaiting the same cruel fate.

The smoke from the burning vegetation, and the steam arising from either side of the flow—which, with its branches, is in places two or three miles wide—meeting above it, and lighted by the reflection from the fires below, would form a white archway, beneath which could be seen for miles the long winding river of flame.

The heat from the crater and the lava stream was so great that for two months after the outbreak there was not a shower of rain at Hilo, forty miles distant from the crater—a place where the annual rain-fall is measured by feet instead of inches, and where the weather is said to be fair when raining less than "a bucketful a minute."

In January of the present year there was quite a diminution in the action of the fires at the source, and the progress of the flow for a time was scarcely perceptible, only occasionally exhibiting signs of activity. The lava was proceeding toward Hilo, and it was hoped that Madam Pell, the Goddess of Volcanoes, according to Hawaiian mythology, had decided to spare the beautiful little town; but early in May it began again to flow more rapidly, and the end of the flow being no longer *a-a*, but consisting of *pahoehoe*, has made greater progress. For some time it moved slowly, as the lava stream forced its way through a swampy region covered with a dense wood.

The flow is divided into two principal branches, known as the Hilo and Waiakea streams. The latter is the smaller of the two, and is much in advance of the former. Hilo is threatened by both, and should the main body reach the sea, the town and perhaps the harbor will be destroyed. The onward progress of the flows is much retarded by having to feed numerous smaller streams that shoot off from the main branches. Some of these, after proceeding a short distance, cool down, until, pressed by the great mass behind, they break out afresh. Some penetrate into the wood, and there die out, and some shoot ahead until the main flow sweeps over them. Sometimes the flow stops for three or four days, making little or no headway, and then it will suddenly break out with renewed vigor. Sometimes it dies out at the end, and breaks out at the side, and moves onward as before. An outbreak through the hard crust in the centre of the flow will overrun a portion already cooled, and again a branch will flow off to one side, and making a detour, pass on to and over the main body that feeds it.

A stream of lava is subject to no law that governs the action of water or any other substance, fluid or solid. It will follow a cañon or cross one, and will run up hill as well as down, the firm crust incasing the igneous fusion acting like a conduit or hose. The atmosphere has more effect on it than water, and it cools very quickly, like melted glass, when exposed to the air, a crust usually forming in ten or fifteen minutes sufficiently firm to bear one's weight.

About two and a half miles from the village of Hilo was a fall in the Waiakea Creek—a narrow and shallow bed in which the advanced portion of the lava stream was running—and the views of the artist taken at this place show well the action of the flowing lava. This fall was twenty feet high, and the depth of the water below was about the same, and it was thirty-five yards wide. The flow above the fall was one hundred feet wide, and was moving at the rate of one hundred feet in forty-eight minutes, and was one hour and forty-two minutes in filling up this depression even with the top of the cliff. The accompanying views showing the progress of the lava were taken at short intervals. When the lava began to pour over the cliff it was of the consistency of molasses, and had much the same appearance, and the ends of the slowly dripping streams would blacken and harden and break off before reaching the water. When it had nearly filled the water hole below, the steam arose in great clouds, and the hissing and bubbling sound it made was like steam escaping from a number of large boilers.

The flow was months in passing through the wood back of Hilo, but now both the Waiakea branch and the main body are below it, and have but to traverse an open stretch of country, covered only with ferns and grasses, and sloping gently toward the sea.

The sight of the lava working its way through the wood was strange and grand, but to reach it required the severe labor of cutting a way through the dense jungle, and sometimes, before the party was ready to return, a branch of lava shooting off from the main flow would cross the trail, cutting off the line of retreat, thus necessitating the cutting of another path. Eating its way through the forest, consuming every green thing before it, the flow leaves behind a dreary waste of broken lava, fringed with long uneven lines of beautiful tropical shrubbery. As the lava would surround the trees—principally lauhala, kukui, hau, sumac, and guava—the crust forming on the surface would in many cases hold the tree upright, while the stream of molten matter beneath would burn off the lower portion of the trunk. Sometimes the flames would dart up the trees, licking the branches with their blazing tongues, and blasting the leaves with their death-dealing breath. In some places the leafless trees would be left standing, and in other places the flow would be covered with the half-charred trunks of the fallen timber. To the pulu and other large tree-ferns, and the bushes and smaller ferns of all sizes and unending variety, the same fate was meted out by the merciless lava, and when, through the sudden opening of the seams at the extremity of the flow, the red lava would pour out, it was really sad to see the emerald billows of foliage bow and disappear before the flame-crested waves of the on-coming flood of liquid fire.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(*Continued.*)

QUO WARRANTO?

COLONEL WESTCOMBE looked at Mr. Short with intense yet rational amazement. "I have known you make wonderful hits," he said; "and the cleverest woman in Okehampton says that you have beaten her thoroughly. Still you must have something more to show than this broken line before you speak like that."

"Certainly I have other things to go by, and I will tell you what they are. I have not spoken about them sooner, because my friend Arthur had his reasons—which are quite unknown to me—for holding aloof from your good Worship. But since you have found him out, and met him, my restriction vanishes. I mean that I am at liberty to mention him to you, which I could not properly do before. Very well, I know, though I have not told him of it, that this infamous fellow, whoever he may be, has been prowling more than once about his place, although there are no sheep there to steal, neither is his house worth robbing. Also I know from two or three things, which I have picked up in hunting out my own grievance, that he has done this at the instigation of another fellow, perhaps even worse than himself. Therefore I begin to smell a rat."

"I never could see into a complication," the Colonel replied, with his honest face quite red, for he had taken a great liking to Miss Arthur. "I always look at men as if they were like me."

"That is the worst of being honest. You are almost sure to make that mistake. And poor Arthur makes it also, and will probably have to pay for it. He believes entirely in a stupid fellow, who means no harm, I dare say, but means his own good first of all. The fellow relies on his thickness, like a crocodile letting down his eyelids. But he sees a deal more than he pretends to see; and Betty Sage tells me that he has been and bought a red-cushioned chair to go to sleep in. It follows that he must have had a tip; and where would he get it, without treachery? He never comes to church, and he doesn't send his children. They are becoming a nest of savages at Brent-fuzz Corner, where he lives. I have told Arthur that it is his duty to make his workmen come to church; but he told me that he never meddled with such matters."

"I think that he was quite right," replied the Colonel. "He might try to persuade them, as I do with mine. Anything more is beyond his business. They resent it; and in their place we should do the same."

"That is true enough; and I have not pressed it. Still, the fellow used to come to church; and he sleeps enough for two in the week-days. Our school-master used to have to knock him on the head, on account of the snoring noise he made, and that was sometimes undesirable. But it roused up the others; and in his absence, old Jacobs, who must be doing something with his rod, has given offense by administering a rap to men who are considerable rate-payers. And that makes us miss Sam Slowbury."

"I can understand that. But reflect a moment, Short. May not the want of this outlet have created some prejudice in your mind against the man?"

"Not in the least. It has only induced me to consider his evil ways. And I do not dwell upon these large points only. But the other day I came upon him, round a corner, in the thick of my friend's plantation. And instead of being fast asleep, he was standing up, staring as if he had just seen a ghost. 'What's the matter, Sam?' I said; and Nous, who was with me, pelted away, in full hunt of some enemy. Sam could not answer, but his eyes were jumping like peppercorns in a mill going to be ground. He wanted to look at me, and he wanted to look after the vanished one, and also after Nous, and most of all he wanted to be looking nowhere. So I spoke again, and I said, 'Sam, the devil hath got hold of thee.' When he heard those words, he laid hold of a tree, and you might have heard his heart go thumping. 'Make a clean breast of it, Sam,' I exhorted him, in my deepest pulpit voice; and he gurgled in his throat, and was trying to fetch words, when back comes that confounded Nous. You know what the training of that dog is. When he has anything particular to say, or any excuse to urge for his failures, he sits up and begs, like a little lap-dog. Well, he came and sat up in that ludicrous style, between Sam Slowbury and me, and the whole of Sam's conscience was gone in a second. I never felt more put out with Nous. I know it was unjust—you need not tell me. But there was a sort of crisis, and he had undone it. I shall never get such an opportunity again. Before I could recover my condition to go on with it, Slowbury was grinning, with a fine red face, and all his little budget of wits come back."

"And a little budget will beat a big one, Short," said the Colonel, who enjoyed his friend's upset. "I have seen that a hundred times, and I have done it myself sometimes with the clever people. Not that I could ever do it with you, though, my friend. Keep out of the range of the rifle-men."

"It is a trifle altogether," continued the vicar, "that I should be laughed at, through the sheer force of circumstances—which have been most sadly against me of late—by a disloyal member of my parish, who was just reduced properly to his marrow-bones. I care not two skips of a flea for that, because I must collar him by-and-by. I trust in the justice of my cause, and the coal and blanket club, to which he must pay up seven shillings and sixpence, or lose fifteen. I shall have him full of piety by All-saints' Day; but the pest is to have lost the clean breast he was making. I could not help giving Nous a smack for his absurdity."

"Then you ought to have had it yourself," said his friend; "but what do you suppose you would have heard from Sam? You have such a gift of putting things together that you must know (almost as well as if you had heard it) what had happened to him."

"He had given audience to some rogue; perhaps this very villain who has robbed me of my watch, and who wants to have his turn with Arthur. Why should Nous have set off like that, unless he smelled a well-known enemy? A common tramp, or a workman on the lounge, would never have stirred him up like that. He recognized some one who had wronged him, by his scent, and probably pursued him till he crossed the stream."

"You will lose your favorite," replied Colonel Westcombe, "unless he controls his feelings better. That man will kill him if they meet again. But why have you not given Mr. Arthur warning of this dangerous fellow prowling round his place? That seems to me the first thing you should have done."

"With an ordinary man it would have been so. And even in his case I have doubted. But he lives a peculiar life, and detests any interference or suggestion; also, I have felt that without more proof I might do a great wrong to Slowbury, who has a large family depending on his wages; therefore I resolved to wait a little, and endeavor myself to intercept the danger. And now I shall be glad of your advice."

"I believe that you have acted aright so far—wisely, I mean, as well as justly. But what to do next, I must have time to think." Here the Colonel began to move his long gray eyebrows, as he always did to aid grave mental process. "In the first place, it can not be the desire of the law that such a fellow should go on defying it forever. Sarcastic as you are, you can hardly maintain that such would be the desire of the law."

"One would scarcely think so, unless one judged the law by its actions. And that would not be fair, because it does not judge us so."

"Very well; let us take that for granted. Assuming, then, as we may safely do, that the law would like to catch that man, how are we to carry out its wishes? I am told that it would take at least a company of soldiers, not such fellows as they have now, but really disciplined and seasoned men, to surround his haunts, and work him out. He shifts his quarters, according to the weather, and the time of year, and the condition of his health, which must, upon the whole, be strong, or surely he would be laid up with ague. How he escapes it, I can not understand."

"He must be doubled up with rheumatism if it were not for the frequent change of air, and the constant use of this specific." Here Mr. Short showed Colonel Westcombe the cover of a pill-box, which he had found near the place of his conflict with the felon; and his friend knew immediately what it was, and shook his head sadly that the rogues should be so clever.

"He may live in the bogs for weeks together if he has plenty of those," said the Colonel. "I wish I could get my young grouse to take them, for I fear they find the climate damp. But now about this villain—if, indeed, he is a villain; for I hear that he entertains a high regard for me, though he has not extended it to you, my friend—it appears to me that we must not be rash, but first get a new warrant from head-quarters, which would prove that we are in earnest, and then put our heads together how to execute it. I don't know this matter right out at present. As Jack used to say, when he was at Oxford, 'I haven't got it up,' though he never broke down, because he is blessed with such ability. But from what I hear, he was first to be arrested upon the warrant of the coroner; and when that came to nothing, some jealousy arose, and I don't know exactly how it was. However, there seems to be a warrant now flourishing, only I am told that the name is wrong. However, I shall see a man on Tuesday fortnight who will be able to tell us more about it. And then we shall be able to take some steps."

"But how many steps will he have taken? My dear friend, you used not to be like this. Did you wait till Tuesday fortnight when the enemy was in front of you?"

"Not we. But that was quite a different thing. We understood what we were at. But now I must tell you candidly that I don't know." Then the Colonel laughed; and the parson did the same.

"It is all very fine to laugh," resumed the latter; "but the thing is no joke, after all. It seems to be a lucky thing that he got away, or you might have committed me for an assault. I shall take good care not to risk my life again, if this is the proper course of justice. But who is our great authority who will set things straight in three weeks' time?"

"My old friend General Punk has promised to be with us for the shooting then. Of course you will join us, and bring Nous Now you need not smile, for the General has promised to go to the Authorities, and put things straight. It is useless to beat about the bush like this. I feel the reproach of it as much as you do. And the very first instant, when I see my way—"

"The truth of it is," said Mr. Short, "that the brigands helped you well in Spain; and you love and admire the whole tribe of them."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SILVER KEY.

WHILE these things thus were going on, or, to put it more correctly, sticking fast, the people concerned about them in London were getting into active ways. Mrs. Giblets and her daughter Mary now went out along the streets, and across them too, almost as calmly as if it had been Northernhay. Finding no harm come of this, they began to despise both road and pavement, till the widow of Barnstaple's mayor at last took to hitching up her dress, and holding up her hand, and putting a stop to the public conveyances as often as fancy impelled her to see what that shop over the way was. In a word, they treated our vast metropolis as if their own family had built it.

"Only you mind one thing, Mary," Mrs. Giblets used to say before she tied her bonnet strings: "if any man asketh you the way to this part or to thiccy, you look at him as if you knew, but refused to hold discourse with him. It is the commonest trick they have for finding out where you come from; and then they get you down an alley, and your friends may put you in the paper." To which Mary always made reply: "Not they, mother. Have no fear for me; 'twould take a deep one to best me now. You ask Aunt Snacks what I said to the tea-fishman. If ever you saw a man look astonished!"

"He won't be the only one, my dear. We shall astonish more than him before we get back to Exeter."

For now Mrs. Giblets had strict orders from her brother to leave no stone unturned in tracing the intentions of the red-faced man. There had been some counsel between Mr. Arthur and his good friend the timber merchant, wherein Mr. Tucker, having keen appreciation of the great human final cause, *£ s. d.*, urged upon his host the expediency of going to look after that same in London. However, it is not an easy thing to break the habitude of years and the sense of peace, and beyond that, the Captain had good reason for not quitting home just now. His foremost duty and entire love bound him to his daughter there; and to leave her in that lonely house, or to put her elsewhere, or to take her with him, would all be either bad or doubtful. Moreover, he had his own proud dislike of making any overture to his father after all that had passed between them, and he felt that the hand which had driven him away should be held out to him before he rushed to take it. Therefore he refused to go to London.

But an agent is often more impulsive than his principal, and so was Mr. Tucker now. To him it appeared a burning shame that rogues should be left to work their will through magnanimous neglect. On the Captain's behalf, and with his leave, he resolved at least to watch the case, and keep him informed of urgency. And to help him he could scarce have found a better ally than the enterprising Snacks.

This man's conduct was not wholly untainted by self-interest. He had the privilege of knowing Messrs. Powderhorn & Bullrush, the solicitors for the railway company whose hot haste had been so impeded by the crotchety old Earl. With the arrogance of all railway lawyers, they had taken it quite as a personal affront that their powers of compulsory purchase should meet with even a moderate demur. To overbear all such small nonsense was their manner with small men. But a great land-owner like the Earl was not to be overborne so gayly, and there were some informalities about their plans and notices which might throw them over for another twelvemonth if keenly sifted by big-fee'd counsel. Therefore they hated the Earl as if he had rushed into their office—which the gout, alas! prevented—and submitted to them for counsel's opinion, a vigorous kick at every acting partner. Being aware of this perhaps unworthy but certainly natural sentiment, Mr. Snacks saw his way to getting a grateful allotment, below market figures, if he could only succeed in putting a big spoke into the bad Earl's wheel: so that he shared the tender interest of his Devonshire visitors, in the gloomy and rather lonely mansion standing within those ivied walls.

If any man wants to get into a house where he has no right to be, let him set feminine wits at work, and defy them to accomplish it. It does not follow that he will get in himself, but the better one will do so, and tell him all she sees, which is certain to be far beyond his sight. And good Mrs. Snacks, being stirred up thus, resolved that the mistress of three husbands should never be beaten by a stupid lot of maids, who understood nothing but the way to bang the door.

If there were time, it might seem worth while to tell how this lady did get in, after carefully watching all the bays of wall, to be certain when the run might best be made. But although it was a noble exploit, who but she can tell the tale? And there is not room to let her do it, because the largeness of her mind embraces a family of fifty narratives during the production of a single one. Enough it is to say that some very honest fellow who supplied the premises with something large—whether it were milk, or oil, or ale—was persuaded to consider half a crown so long that he set down his cans against the spring door in the wall, and Mrs. Snacks, quite overcome with the heat of the day, slipped in and fainted. Being still unmarried, this man became alarmed, for Mrs. Snacks was of considerable size, and he hurried to the house, and called out maids, in pursuance of whom came the housekeeper, a truly pretentious and excellent woman, married into the name of Tubbs. At first Mrs. Tubbs was inclined to be haughty, and to fetch the gardener and a groom, and send the invader to the nearest chemist's shop. But as soon as she saw a magnificent gold chain peeping through the poor lady's mantle, and six fine rings upon the poor limp fingers, the noblest feelings of her heart were touched, and she whispered the sad words: "Cholera, syncope, collapse, I fear. Sir John says that it is not infectious. Don't be frightened, you stupid girls. Bring the poor dear to my down-stairs room. Luckily, Mr. Gaston is from home. We are not quite savages, I should hope. Stuff! If you won't help to carry her, I will."

Mrs. Tubbs knew a good deal of medicine, and kept certain antidotes of her own, which she longed to try first upon somebody else; and so efficacious were these that Mrs. Snacks, submitting like a martyr to the palatable parts, comprising very old cherry brandy, was able to sit up in three-quarters of an hour, and confessed to a genial glow throughout her system.

"How sad it does seem that we should be such poor things!" she whispered, through her tears, to her kind preserver; "but without that, how should we ever know the warm hearts from the cold ones? I suppose that we all adhere to life, even when best prepared to go. And in my case it would have been so sad, because of my husband, who adores me, and my child, who has such lofty expectations. Oh, Mrs. Tubbs, shall I live long enough to thank you?"

"I trust that you will, ma'am, if you take another glass. Your color is come back most charming. I was very near sending for Sir John Tickell, his lordship's own doctor; but you looked up at me, out of your symptoms, so confiding; and you see he could not have done much more."

"Nor a quarter so much, dear Mrs. Tubbs. I shall always declare that you saved my life. It came all across me in such a sudden way; and you understood it in a moment."

"That I did, ma'am, from keeping my eyes open. What else can I do in such a house as this? But there! I mustn't trouble you with our affairs."

"It seems to be a sort of Institution. It struck me in that light before my seizure, and I just had the sense to think it safer than the street. But little could I dream of such skill within."

"'Tis a queer sort of institution, ma'am. However, it is not my place to talk; and talk I never do, not to my own sister, though her husband is a tanner in Bermondsey."

"Mrs. Tubbs, you are quite right. People are so apt to pry, and gossip is so hateful. In all my life I never could abide it, and shut myself out of many doors through that. You may know what I am, when I tell you that although we have a nice house, with bow-windows looking right over the Regency Park, it never hath come into my mind to ask whose institution this was here. I look out of my windows, and my neighbors may look in; but as for a desire to look into theirs, the mere idea of a thought about it hath never been known to come into my mind."

"Excuse me, ma'am," Mrs. Tubbs replied, with a new light of interest kindling in her eyes; "but if I may make so bold, did you come from the west of England?"

"From the west, and the best of the west," said Mrs. Snacks, who could tell what Mrs. Tubbs was; "my father lived at Crediton all his life, and my brother was the Mayor of Barnstaple."

"I am not Devonshire, so to speak, or not altogether that, and that only," Mrs. Tubbs answered, with her finger-tips meeting, while she thought the subject out; "but my father was of very excellent parentage in Somerset, and my dear mother, who I lost without the knowledge, came away direct in early days from a substantial house in Appledore. And if we can only find the papers, and my good husband comes up again—which he generally does at about three years, because he is a sea-faring man—the best authorities say that no one will be able to keep us out of it. Perhaps you have heard of the matter, ma'am—West Boddlebury farm, near Appledore?"

"Of course I have, over and over again. But my husband is the one who understands those things, and we have very influential friends near there. Some of them are at our house now, come to see London, and spend their money. If you could manage to come and see us, and have a bit of early dinner with us, as they do in Devonshire, my husband, who is an extraordinary man, might thank you for saving my life, or at least prolonging it—although I feel a little queer again—and you might gain some information of the greatest value to you."

"Looking at you sitting there, ma'am," said Mrs. Tubbs, who had thought it prudent to take some disinfectant fluid, "with your fine west-country color, such as London burns away, thinking of what you might have been in an hour, as our fish-monger was, bluer than his own mackerel fish, it do seem to me to have been a providence that the sidewalk door was open. We have a great gentleman here who is the master's master, as the saying goes, and keeps the household most select. None of the lower ones can get out, and he would like to keep me boxed up too. But I went to my lord, when I knew that he was in one of his kicking tempers, and I said: 'My lord, is it your orders that I am to be locked in here, after all the years that I have served you?' And he roared out: 'Tubbs shall go where she likes. Tubbs has my orders to go, when she pleases, to'—not at all a nice place, ma'am, which I will not offend you by speaking of, though patronized by the nobility. And ever since that I have made a point of taking my walk in the Park of a Sunday, and looking about for sailors' hats; for my husband must come home some day, and perhaps with a pocket full of money. For the Lord, He doeth all things well."

"Indeed He does," Mrs. Snacks replied. "My husband knows all about the shipping, and he has some connection with the Docks. Then, Mrs. Tubbs, we shall expect you at two o'clock next Sunday. We generally have a turbot first, with Aylesbury ducks, and marrow-fats to follow. But perhaps that would not be to your taste. In these large establishments you live so well."

"Not at all, ma'am, not at all. We are kept very close here, I can tell you. We lead a very sedentary life, and have not even seen a duckling yet."

"Then, my dear Mrs. Tubbs, we shall expect you. Here is my card, and our gate is never locked. Or shall we send the carriage for you? No, you prefer to be independent. And I will follow your example. I will just slip out and get a cab, before that formidable man comes back. He might consider me an intruder, and that would be unpleasant to you, I can see."

"My dear lady," exclaimed Mrs. Tubbs, "I am not one to be lorded over by a man no better than myself. It has been going on too long. I never speak of private matters. But you will not blame me, when I come to see you, if I should make bold to consult you a little concerning my own position, which is a trial beyond my mind at times."

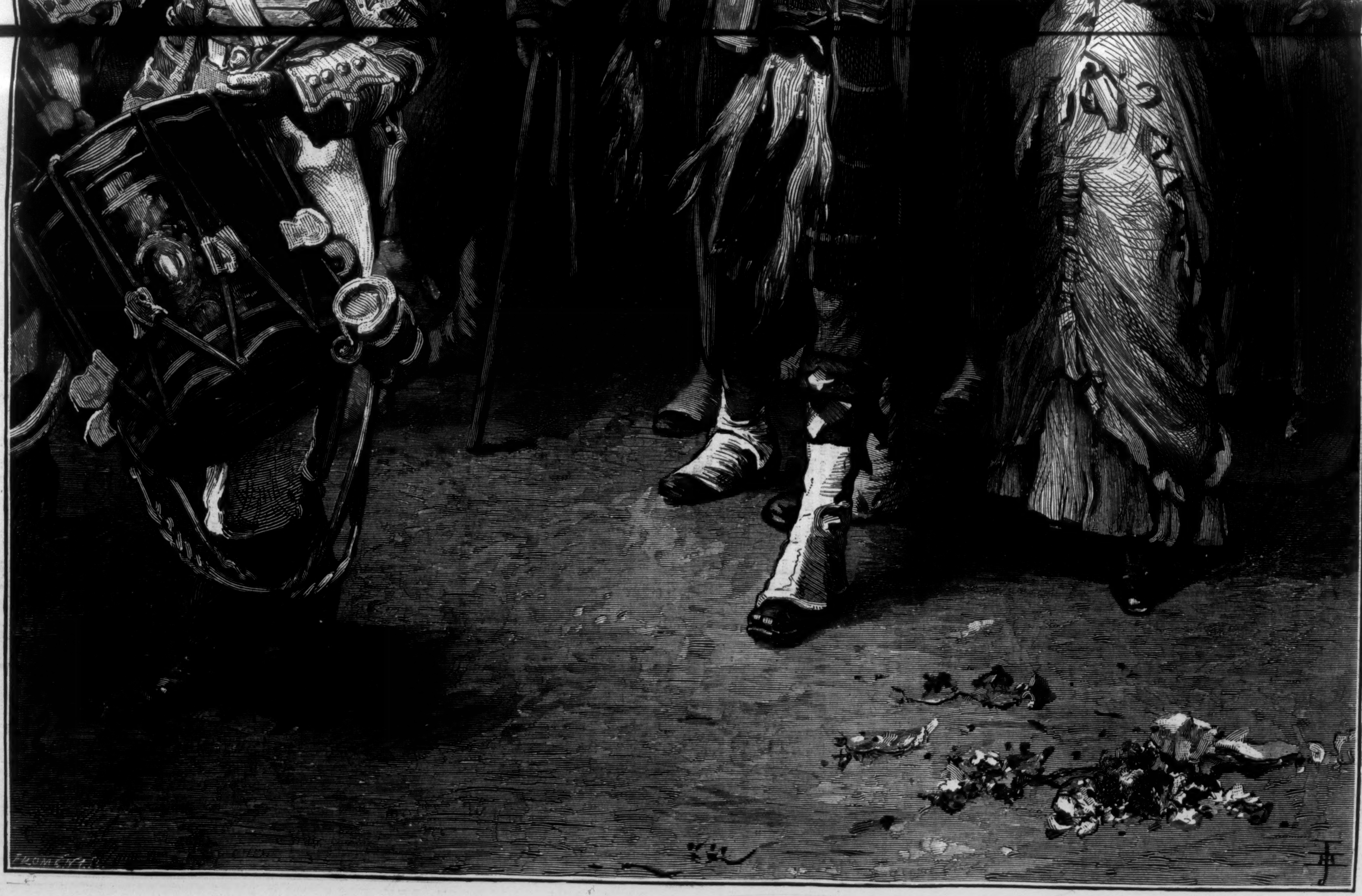
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LIGHTED BUOY.

ON page 605 will be found an illustration of the lighted buoy, which has been burning in the vicinity of the light-ship since the 28th of last July. One evening last week a party of gentlemen, including representatives of the United States navy, went down the bay for the purpose of inspecting the invention, which consists of a buoy to the top of which is secured an illuminating apparatus, which casts a bright, steady, and intense light, visible in calm weather a distance of six or seven miles.

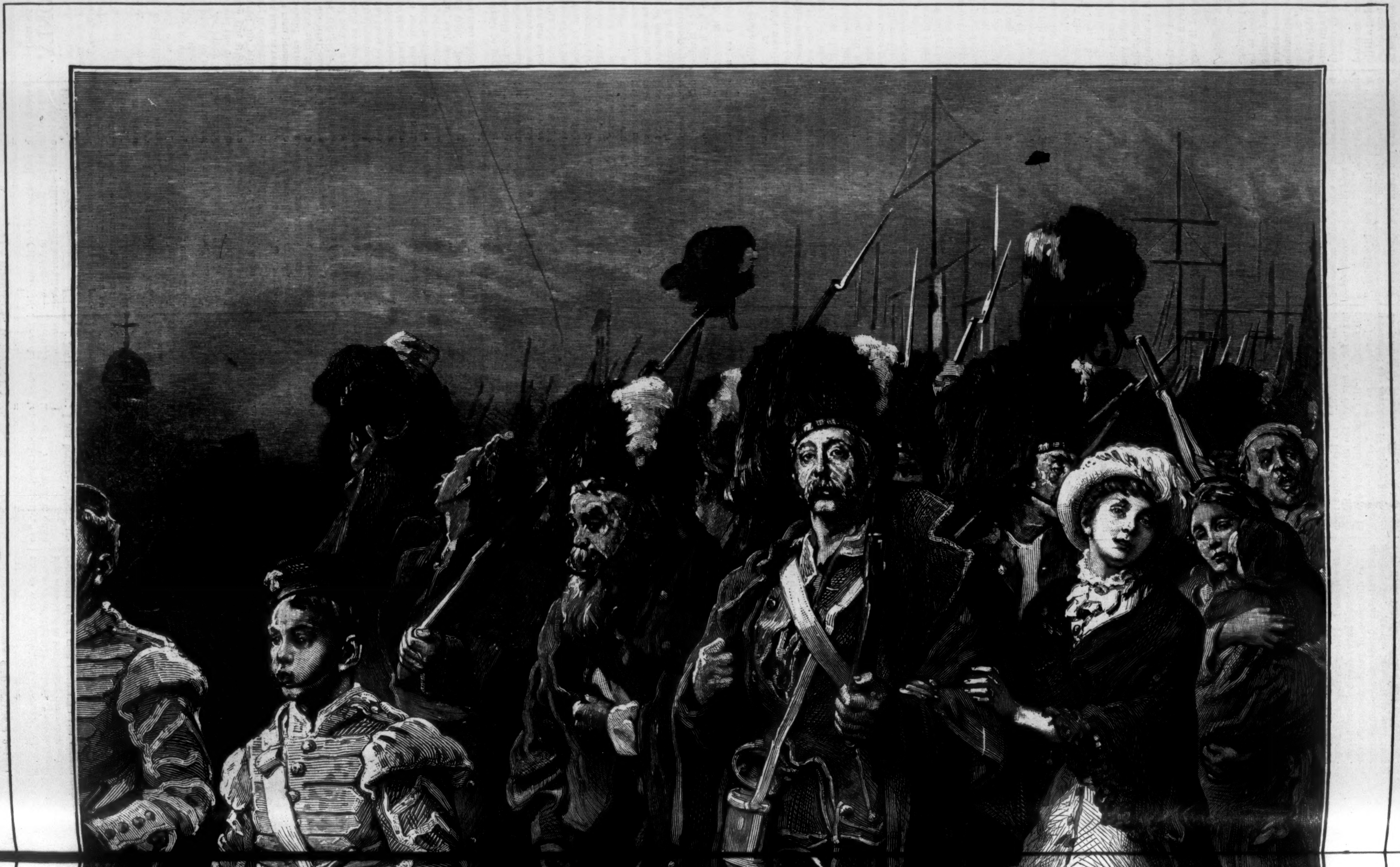
The buoy is of wrought iron, and hollow, and is filled with gas from a tender. The pressure of gas in the tender being ten atmospheres, it will flow of itself into the buoy until there is a pressure in the latter of, say, five atmospheres, and by a mechanical means this can be increased to six or seven. Take a buoy with a receptacle of 280 cubic feet of space, and fill it with gas compressed six times, and you have 1680 cubic feet of gas pressing to escape by the burner. By the use of a patent regulator the pressure is kept at a standard point all the time, and so the light remains uniform till the supply is about consumed. The burner consumes 16.8 cubic feet of gas per twenty-four hours, and the buoy will therefore feed the light for one hundred days.

The light is secured to the top of the buoy, and stands about ten feet above the surface of the sea. As the light is produced by the combustion of a pure gas made from petroleum, no trimming is necessary; and the pressure being sufficient to keep a steady stream of the gas from the body of the buoy to the burner, there is no need to interfere with it until the supply of the gas is about run out. It is therefore burning day and night. The light is inclosed in such a manner that the oxygen required to sustain combustion is readily admitted, while water is excluded. The illuminating apparatus may therefore be entirely submerged for a few seconds, should there be a heavy sea running, without extinguishing the light. Buoys of this description, made by the Pintsch Light Company, are already in use in Europe. One of them was anchored in 1878 for experiment, in an exposed position at the mouth of the Thames. It performed its required service for the regulated period of twenty-eight days, showing a bright light, day and night, with such effect that it was visible from the deck of a vessel at a distance of four miles. The authorities immediately ordered a number of these buoys to be constructed for use in exposed positions.



"HOME AGAIN."

From a Painting by Frank Holl, A.R.A.



[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER II.

A FAMILY PARTY.

Herbert Newton's sagacity, or intuition, had not deceived him. Not only was Mr. Lyster coming in his wheeled chair as usual, but Percy Fibbert was pushing. Beside them sauntered a lad of seventeen or so, smoking an excellent cigar. As Percy is almost concealed by the chair and the head of the invalid, we will describe the others first. Mr. Lyster is so covered up with shawls and wraps that nothing is discernible of him but his thin face, but that is very remarkable. It is the face of a man prematurely old, and lined with thought rather than with years. A few months ago, indeed, his hair, which is still plentiful, and worn much longer than his daughter's (which gives him a patriarchal look), was brown as her own; it is now white as snow. The features would strike a physiognomist not so much by their sharpness as their haggard expression. His hands, which he pushes nervously in and out from the shawls, are as white as his face, and even more emaciated. His eyes are bright and restless. His smile—for he is smiling now, as he meets his daughter's eye—is transient, and more eloquent of pain than another's sigh. But there are the relics of a handsome man about him.

In recognizing them it is difficult to persuade one's self that the boy Gerald by his side is his own son. A tall, shambly, thread-paper youth, with hay-colored hair, and of a colorless complexion. His eyes are blue, but it is difficult to catch their tint, for they are shifty, and averse to meet those of others. He has that studiously indifferent expression which is "the mode" in aristocratic circles, but which in his particular case is very unbecoming. It makes him appear not so much like a member of the "upper ten" as of a gentleman in trouble before a magistrate, whom he is endeavoring to convince in vain of the preposterousness of some accusation brought against him. But though ill-looking, he is by no means uncomely in a mere physical sense. When he smiles, albeit that is not often, his face has a certain feminine attraction, which, however, lacks the gentleness that belongs to a woman.

His mother was the beauty of Stokeville, a mill hand.

That infatuation of Mr. Lyster's was in the view of his brother manufacturers (or rather their wives) an inexpiable offense; "but most fortunately," as every one expressed it, the second Mrs. Lyster (*née* Chigwell) died in giving birth to her first child. The cloud under which her husband had been placed for nearly a twelvemonth in consequence of this indiscretion was thereupon withdrawn, and he was once more received into the bosom of Stokeville society. But the affair had left its consequences, of which the chief, of course, was Gerald.

Percy Fibbert, his senior by seven years, is a very different specimen of humanity; he is not quite so tall as the overgrown stripling, but his height is above the average, while every limb is in exact proportion. His features are so regular, his complexion so delicate, his hair so black and plentiful, that his style of beauty (for he is very handsome) would perhaps remind you of those paragons seen in hair-dressers' windows, but for his large dark eyes, which are full of expression. Just now there is more color than usual in his face, for the occupation in which he has been engaged has brought the blood into it; but though the chair is heavy, it has not affected his lungs, which are in first-rate condition. As the little procession came up to where Clare stood, "I can not offer you my hand," he said, with a light laugh, "for the best of reasons—because it is already engaged."

On the invalid's forehead, unseen by the speaker, gathered at this pleasantry a heavy frown; while Clare, who perceived it very well, became suffused with blushes.

Gerald, who noticed both these "effects," indulged in an odious cachination.

"My dear Gerald," said Percy, reprovingly, "the swan, says the poet, is born to be the only graceful shape of scorn, and in like manner, though *vice versa*, you must allow me to observe that the only objectionable form of merriment is the snigger."

"That is quite true," observed the invalid, pettishly. "Why don't you laugh outright, in a wholesome way, like your cousin Bertie?"

"Well, really, Mr. Lyster," remonstrated Percy, "don't you think that's going a little too far in the other direction? To my mind, Newton laughs just as one who is obliged to speak in the mill, on account of the machinery; he laughs like that bird in Australia—what's its name?—that one can hear all over the bush."

Clare drew herself up, displeased, for she understood the allusion: fortunately perhaps for the speaker, Mr. Lyster knew no more than his son, the ignoramus, about the "laughing jackass," but he observed, with earnestness,

"For my part, I like to hear Bertie laugh; it does me good."

"Then I wish he was always here to laugh to you, papa," said Clare, with earnest tenderness.

"Ah, but he will not be here," answered the invalid, complainingly. "He is going away at the year's end. Not that that will matter to *me*," he added, in muttered soliloquy. Then louder, "I can not understand why he leaves the mill."

"Well, Newton, you see, sir, is a man of science, like his namesake," observed Percy, in a tone so soft and respectful that had it not been for the contemptuous expression of his eyes, still concealed from the other, it might well have been taken for earnest; "we at the mill are too grovelling for him."

"There is something in that," assented the invalid, naïvely. Whereat Gerald sniggered again, not, it must be confessed (for Percy's discomfiture was obvious), without some provocation.

"No man of his age has ever been so useful to us," continued the invalid, reflectively. "That invention of his for stamping the pieces ought to have been patented. He had a great future before him if he had only stuck to us. Your uncle, I am sure, Percy, would have been only too glad to take him into partnership next year."

"I hardly think next year, sir," returned the young man, significantly.

"You mean because in all probability it will be exceptionally profitable?"

"It will be the very best of all years, I have little doubt, sir."

"You think so? Well, of course you are in a position to judge. That is also quite my view."

The tone of the speaker was peculiar; it was cheerful, as the subject seemed to demand, yet more excited than cheerful. His pale cheeks were flushed, but his eyes were less eager than anxious. Suddenly he appeared to become aware of this, perhaps from the solicitude he saw expressed in his daughter's face, and breaking off from the topic, returned to that of his nephew.

"If Herbert had only stopped with us, fortune would have been assured to him."

"I don't think he cares for fortune, sir," said Percy, his face this time compelled to be as serious as his words, "so much as for fame."

"A bubble!" ejaculated the invalid.

"That is my humble opinion too, sir; but Newton is always in the clouds. There was that balloon of his, for instance. The steering apparatus was a most brilliant idea, no doubt; but there is, unhappily, the law of gravity."

In ignorance or despite of the law in question, here Gerald sniggered again. "By jingo, to see him come down," he said, "a thousand feet to the second or so!"

"He was not up a thousand feet, nor a hundred," observed the invalid, curtly.

"Gerald only means the rate, sir," explained Percy, apologetically. "He really did come down rather quick. Did he not, Clare?"

"Don't speak of it, Percy; it makes me sick to think of it," answered the young lady, with a shudder.

"He had the courage of his opinions, at all events," observed Mr. Lyster.

"So had Icarus," commented Percy, "but he was not thought better of—by aeronauts—on that account. The general opinion is, I am afraid, that his was a very fool-hardy experiment."

"It is not necessary to use such strong expressions, Percy," observed Mr. Lyster; "let us be content to say it was injudicious."

"I was not referring to Newton, but to Icarus," explained the offender. "I should certainly not dream of applying so offensive an epithet as 'fool-hardy' to your nephew and Clare's cousin."

"And a very worthy young fellow," observed the invalid, with a glance at his daughter, whose eyes, however, it almost seemed by design, had sought the ground.

"No doubt," assented Percy. "It is the more to be regretted that he should have risked his life in so hazardous a manner. If he has a fault, it is riskiness, while his confidence in his own talents—generally, no doubt, amply justified—makes him indifferent to the opinions of others. In that particular instance of which we are speaking, for example, he was within an ace of what everybody told him he would do—breaking his neck."

"I have owned that it was injudicious," said the invalid, tartly.

"And don't you think it is injudicious of you, dear papa," observed Clare, gently, "to be out-of-doors to-day? The wind is quite autumnal."

"No, my dear; I am better—better," returned the invalid. "For the last few days I have gone out every day, remember."

"Yes, papa, but was it wise? Dr. Dickson says—"

"I know my own feelings better than Dr. Dickson," he interrupted, petulantly, "and must be allowed to judge for myself. At the same time, Percy"—here he turned for the first time to his young friend and junior partner—"it may be some time—indeed, it is doubtful whether I shall ever be at the office again. And I should like to see the books."

"The books, sir!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "Do you mean the accounts of the firm? Then they must be sent on a trolley."

"No, no," returned the invalid, taking no notice of this sally. "I only meant the returns for the last few months; since things have begun to mend."

"Very good, sir, you shall have them. Newton is for science, Clare is for literature. 'Are red-lined accounts,' she asks, contemptuously, 'richer than the songs of Grecian years?' but you and I, we are simple matter-of-fact people. I venture to think that you will find the books of Fibbert & Lyster—at all events their later ones—very pleasant reading."

Mr. Percy Fibbert had certainly a great charm of manner: he had an airy way of putting things, even when they were not intrinsically agreeable, that made them palatable. That he could make himself very pleasant was agreed upon all hands—except the mill hands: perhaps the coarseness of their natures incapacitated them from appreciating his lively sallies, his delicate satire; or, perhaps, as some uncharitable people averred, he did not lay himself out to please common people. For though very popular in the Stokeville drawing-rooms, and, on the whole, even liked in the pool-room of the local club by the young men of his own rank, the mill hands didn't like him. They said "Percy" (in Stokeville work-people don't say Mr.)—"Percy is a time-server."

[to be continued.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

William Penn's Bones.—Marrying Widows.—Economy in Water Supply.—A new Club.—The Shah's Toothache.—Perils of Early Rising.—A French Jury on Damages.

The quiet suggestion that the remains of William Penn should be taken from beside his wife—nay, his two wives—and children, and transported to America, "by desire of certain admirers in that country," seems to us English amazing, and for its coolness quite refreshing this hot weather. One has heard of murder as being one of the fine arts, but never before has body-snatching risen to so sublime a pitch. The bones of Mr. Thomas Paine were indeed brought from America to England, and this may have suggested a *quid pro quo* in the present case. But Mr. Paine only *sounds* like Mr. Penn, and was, in fact, a very different person. There must be some sort of reciprocity in value in these exchanges. If you will undertake to send us Mr. Longfellow (when you have quite done with him), or Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, or if it can be established to the satisfaction of the Arches Court that Mr. Penn had two other wives, or even one, across the water, there awaiting him in some quiet church-yard, we will reconsider the question. As the matter stands, we must keep our bone Penn.

We should never be uncharitable as to the motives which actuate our fellow-creatures. The people of Kutch—you may not know who they are, sir, in which case you have my sympathy—are about, I read, to petition the British Parliament to make it unlawful to marry widows; but they have been dissuaded from this course by some statistician who has informed them that seventy of our peers and a bishop have themselves committed this indiscretion. But why should we conclude that they will oppose the scheme of reform on that account? It is not surely everybody who, having met with a misfortune, wishes others to share it!

Those Londoners who get their water supply from the "Grand Junction" have been suffering this week from drought, except the inhabitants of Shepherd's Bush, who have been half drowned by what has caused the failure, namely, the bursting of a main pipe. A gentleman of my acquaintance informed a neighbor that his cistern was still full, though he had been "obliged to be very careful." In his absence from town for a few days, the neighbor, taking advantage of this admission, sent over to his house, and, as a friend of their master's, persuaded the servants to supply him with the wished-for element. He got it, but was not so very triumphant afterward, when he discovered that the other's "carefulness" had consisted in his having poured back the contents of his cold bath into the cistern every morning.

The well-known house of entertainment in Covent Garden called Evans's, has been turned into a private club. It was here that Colonel Newcome was so scandalized by the song sung before his boy, as a good many other people had probably been before him. The notice in the novel caused a moral revolution in the management, referred to by the great satirist in, I think, the *Roundabout Papers*; and then, again, I am afraid there was a little backsliding. Let us hope the club will lean to virtue's side, though its name does not exactly smack of virtue. It is called The Falstaff.

Every one talks of the difficulty of obtaining situations nowadays, yet there are sometimes great opportunities. A man arrived from Norway the other day at Kilrush in a half-decked boat only thirty feet long, and has since sailed for your country. Though he advertised for the services of an assistant for the longer voyage, there was not a single application. The merest boy would have found himself "second in command," yet the golden opportunity was suffered to pass away.

It was said of Mr. Foker (in *Pendennis*) by himself that he was not clever, but that partial friends were wont to call him "downy." The same remark applies to the present Shah of Persia, who, though not remarkable for intelligence, has discovered a pecuniary advantage in what to most persons is a serious drawback, namely, a "raging tooth." His Majesty has suffered from this calamity for some weeks, which has caused a considerable mortality among the faithful, as he fancied (erroneously) that it did him good to have them bowstringed. His priests would not let him have it out, because they said the omens were unpropitious; and he doesn't dare bowstring priests. At last they consented to the operation. So having bathed and prayed, and sitting in a golden chair—which, let us hope, was one he could lie back in—and surrounded by all his officers of state, the tooth was drawn. Then visits of congratulation were graciously permitted. On such occasions presents are given by everybody, and in the course of the afternoon no less than 3000 ducats in money offerings alone were paid into the imperial exchequer. It is the first time I ever heard of a bad tooth benefiting any one but the dentist. What a vista it opens to sovereigns with aching molars! In the days of King John, the Jews used to give money for *not* having their teeth drawn, but the Shah has given quite a new turn to the subject. As the system develops, there will no doubt be an increased tariff for double teeth, and a special rate for a back grinder.

Early rising may be wholesome, but in London it is a little dangerous. A small boy who makes it his business to "call" workmen who have to be at their posts at an abnormal hour is perpetually being taken up for being abroad at sunrise. His extreme youth would seem to acquit him of any serious evil intent; but the fact is it is the perquisite of the police force to call workmen, and they look upon this poor lad's occupation as an infringement of their privilege. The early bird may catch the worm, but the early boy is caught himself—and caged.

The Paris police, it seems, though seldom baffled, have given up all attempts at learning languages. German, indeed, is still to be an exception, but publications in no other foreign tongue are henceforth to be subject to the censorship. As the French people themselves know nothing but French, the new regulation seems reasonable, for what nobody understands can not do much harm to anybody.

The tribunal of the Seine has just had a curious case to adjudicate upon, arising, it is almost unnecessary to say, from connubial jealousy. A picture framer had two beautiful female portraits on hand, which when finished his boy delivered at the wrong houses. One client was a lady artist; the other a gentleman who had an Italian wife. The latter unpacked the case, expecting to see her own fair features, a presentment of which on canvas had been promised her by her husband. On beholding the countenance of another, she took it for granted it was that of a rival, and very naturally threw it into the fire. How was she to know that it was only a work of imagination left with her by misadventure? The lady artist, who thought the other's real features a very poor substitute for her own ideal ones, brings an action for damages; and after a triangular duel, the court awards them *against the picture framer!* I fancy an English or American jury would have taken a different view.

The difference of public feeling in our aristocratic and lower-class schools is very remarkable. At the latter, it is said that very little bullying occurs, and no fagging.

Our gilt youth have plenty of high spirit, but their *esprit de corps* is stronger than their *amour propre*, and they submit to things, since it is the custom to do so, which they would otherwise certainly revolt against At Eton, for example, the punishment of the birch is common enough, and is inflicted in public without the least regard to decency. Whereas, at a board school, if an unruly boy gets six strokes of a cane, there is hullabaloo enough to wake poor Dr. Busby of "swishing" memory. There is the public remonstrance in half the newspapers, and there is the private retribution almost always inflicted upon the school-master by the mother of the boy with her nails. A lad was caned in a board school for "truanting" and disobedience. The proceedings were conducted in what would seem to any Etonian a singularly delicate manner. "I gave him," says the master, "six strokes with a cane on the lower part of his back outside his clothes, before dismissing the boys." Upon this there is a tornado of public disapprobation, and even the magistrate is of opinion "that the master should have inflicted the punishment after the boys had been dismissed, and not in their presence." In many a man who as a boy, at the close of his afternoon studies at Eton, has been told to "stay" (the prelude of an interview with the head master in the presence of a select circle of his friends and acquaintances), this will arouse a smile. What enhances the joke is that the magistrate is very indignant to find, on looking into the code, that *he* has not the power to order a boy to be caned at all.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

NEWSBOYS' EXCURSION.

FRIDAY, the 19th of August, was a red-letter day in the calendar of the newsboys and boot-blacks of New York, many of whom ply the double vocation of selling newspapers and "shining up" the boots of pedestrian customers. The occasion was the fourth of the yearly excursions provided for them by the philanthropic Mr. JOHN H. STARIN. The newsboy's life is not a happy lot in general, although he takes it easy, and, like Mark Tapley, is always disposed to be jolly under the most depressing circumstances. Bright, eager, full of mischief and good-humor, always ready for a frolic or a row, quick in repartee, he is an exact opposite of the country lad, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the New York *gamin* would rather fight for a precarious living amongst the excitements of city life than accept what he would consider the humdrum existence of the farmer's boy.

But he has a keen appreciation of the delights of a big free excursion which takes him into the country for a day, and brings him back to his accustomed haunts at night. Early on the morning of the day fixed for Mr. STARIN's picnic the boys began to gather on Pier 19, North River, where the barge *John Neilson*, towed by the steamer *Blackbird*, was to take them on board. It was not long before the crowd swelled to more than a thousand boys, all eager and excited. There was something pathetic in their very jollity. From cellars and attics, from improvised lodgings among ash-barrels or in vacant lots, they had swarmed to the pier, many of them breakfastless, yet all wearing an eager and excited look. Most of them had made an extra toilet in honor of the occasion, to the extent of washing faces and hands. But there was hardly a sound garment in the crowd, and many of the poor little urchins were clad in tatters that seemed ready to drop apart at the least provocation. It was painful to study their faces. Bright and sharp, and in many full of youthful color, most of their countenances wore an expression of care and hard experience, of cunning and premature shrewdness, telling a tale of a homeless and friendless life.

A chain was drawn across the entrance to the pier, and several policemen were stationed there to keep back the surging crowd of tatterdemalions until the hour came for their admittance to the barge. It required all their efforts to restrain the impatience of the youngsters. Many irreverent remarks were addressed to the blue-coated guardians of the chain. "Oh, say, cully, give a feller a show," calls out a bright-eyed lad from a safe place in the crowd, beyond the reach of the officer's rattan; "there ain't no use bustin' round with that club o' yourn. Give us a boost, fellers." The crowd behind him surges forward at his call, and the chain barely suffices to hold its own. Then the officers sally forth, and ply their rattans in a lively manner; but as only the front ranks suffer from the infliction, the loiterers in the rear immediately close up, and the mischief and fun commence anew.

Passing market wagons now and then effect a diversion. Space is cleared for them by the police, and as they are driven by, a thousand voices open in full cry upon them: "Sling us a sandwich, boss!" "Jest drop a few o' them turkey bones!" "Keep a wing for me, and lots o' stuffin'!" Without deigning any reply to these vociferous requests, the drivers of the market wagons pass on, and the boys resume their bantering attentions to the policemen.

At length the steamer and barge appear at the end of the dock, and the youngsters are admitted through a narrow passageway between cases of merchandise, along which they are compelled to go in single file. As he passes the provision wagons each lad receives a paper bag containing half a pie, cake, and two sandwiches. Some of the young rascals, determined to have a square meal for once, after getting aboard of the barge, hide their packages in mysterious parts of their clothing, jump on the pier, and join the hungry procession again. It is difficult to distinguish one little ragamuffin from another, and many of them acquire a double supply of rations by this ruse. There is such a roar of voices, such a surging and struggling amongst the crowd, that the utmost vigilance is required, and in many cases without success, to detect these shrewd pluralists.

At length, after a delay that taxed the patience of the boys to the utmost, the lines were cast off, and the barge, with its load of roaring, rollicking boys, was towed into the stream. Music was furnished by a military band, and the director displayed great judgment in the selection of tunes. "Mary Ann, I'll tell your Ma," "Empty is the Cradle," "Golden Slippers," and many of the street ditties with which every newsboy and boot-black in New York is familiar, were received with hilarious applause. At times the boys joined in with a chorus of a thousand voices, which added to the volume of the music, if it didn't increase the harmony. We are sorry to say that the trip was not altogether a peace jubilee. There were many rows and quarrels, which the officers were unable to prevent, but no bones were broken, and the only serious wounds inflicted were in the boys' clothing, in which a few rents more or less made but little difference as to appearance.

One of the most amusing and at the same time exasperating incidents of the trip was the raid on some milk cans which were stowed away in an inclosure. No sooner were these discovered than the boys went for them with a rush, overpowered the guardians, and captured the cans in no time. Several of the cans were overturned, and the deck was soon flooded and slippery with milk, in which the boys danced and rolled with ecstasy.

On reaching Boynton Beach the boys were turned loose, to disport themselves as they chose. Most of them immediately started for the water, which was soon alive with heads. The boys enjoyed it hugely, diving, swimming, floundering about, ducking each other, and screaming with delight. The next thing in order was a stroll into the country, which the managers viewed with grave misgivings, but were unable to prevent. An apple orchard was temptingly in sight, and upon this the boys descended like a flight of locusts on a field of green wheat. In ten minutes every tree was climbed and stripped, and the boys returned to the barge laden with spoils, pursued in vain by the infuriated owner, who loudly but ineffectually demanded twenty-five dollars damages. The young rascals replied with exasperating jeers and volleys of his own apples. On board the barge they enjoyed mimic fights all the way home, and apples flew about the deck as thick as hailstones. One boy went aboard with his shirt filled out on all sides to his waistband with his share of the fruit. A mischievous comrade gave the shirt a pull, and sent his plunder rolling over the deck.

With all their mischief and rude hilarity the boys were not maliciously inclined, and if they handled each other roughly, it was only their way of amusing themselves. One incident deserves to be mentioned. Most of the boys devoured their pie, cake, and sandwiches almost as soon as they were on board; but one little fellow was observed getting off at night with his paper bag under his arm. "Hello, JOHNNY," cried one of his comrades, "why didn't yer eat yer sandwiches?" "I'm takin' 'em home to JIM. He was sick, and couldn't go, and I'm takin' him a share of the fun." Unless JOHNNY had secured two bags of provisions, he must have gone hungry all day for the sake of giving his sick friend or brother a share of the fun; but, in any case, it was a kind and thoughtful act.

The trip home was the counterpart of the trip to the beach. The boys enjoyed themselves immensely, thanks to the liberality of Mr. STARIN; and it was certainly a kind deed to give them one good day in their dreary lives. But it would be well, in future excursions of this kind, to take measures to prevent offenses like the spoliation of the farmer's orchard.

CAN NOT NEW YORK PROTECT HER LITTLE ONES?

NEW YORK has a plain duty to perform for the protection of the children of this great city, and especially the children of the poor. Living in crowded tenement-houses, in garrets and cellars where the air is always contaminated, their privations are greatly aggravated by nuisances like those at Hunter's Point and at places within the city, which should be abated without delay. The mortality among the little ones in the tenements is frightful to contemplate. It is of course largely due to want of intelligent care, of a proper amount of wholesome food, and to neglect of sanitary precautions in sickness. In the case of contageous fever in one family in a crowded tenement-house, there is no way to prevent the disease from spreading among the other denizens of the building. All the apartments practically communicate. Men, women, and children pass the infected room, and carry with them the seeds of disease and death. In this manner a whole tenement building may become a pest-house.

When to these evils, which under the tenement-house system appear to be almost unavoidable, are added those that arise from the noxious fumes and odors which proceed from works carried on by various corporations in direct defiance of law, it becomes a matter of wonder, not that so many children die, but that so many live. When we consider the disgust and nausea experienced by those who are exposed for a few moments to the horrible fumes from Hunter's Point in passing by rail-car or steamer, what must be the sufferings of the weak and sickly whose poor apartments are invaded day and night by these terrible odors? Hard as it must be for those who are well and strong to breathe the air thus contaminated, it is sickness and death to the little ones, whose wan, gaunt features and emaciated forms move our sympathy, and demand our protecting care. New York will lie under a heavy accountability should the authorities fail to put in force the proper measures for the immediate abatement of this "abomination of desolation."

GENERAL LESLIE COOMBS.

GENERAL COOMBS, who died on the 21st ult., in Lexington, Kentucky, was in many respects a remarkable man. Some incidents of his career were narrated by himself to a newspaper reporter about four years ago, and we give them in his own quaint language:

"'I was born near Boonesborough, in this State, November 29, 1793. My father came to Kentucky, which was then a part of Virginia, in 1775, and obtained a grant of one thousand acres of land from the State. After planting enough of it in corn to maintain his title, he returned to Virginia, and participated in the Revolutionary war, and commanded a company of infantry at Yorktown. After the war he came back to Kentucky, and helped DANIEL BOONE to drive out the Indians. At the time I speak about sleeping on the salt bags, in the year 1813, General HARRISON was cooped up in Fort Meigs, and Colonel DUDLEY and Colonel BOSWELL were hastening to his relief with two regiments of Kentuckians, under the command of General GREEN CLAY, the father of CASSIUS M. I was a captain of the scouts, and with four white men and a Shawnee Indian who knew the country I started in advance down the Maumee River to tell the General that aid was coming. I got in sight of Fort Meigs, and saw that our flag was still there, when I found that a large body of British and Indians was between me and the fort, and I was compelled to turn back.

"'I rejoined my command, and on the 5th of May Colonel DUDLEY attacked the British under PROCTOR at the foot of the rapids, fifty miles below Fort Defiance. We would have defeated him had not TECUMSEH, with a large body of Indians, crossed the river and come to PROCTOR's aid. I was wounded twice that day in the shoulder, and also taken prisoner with several of my men. We were put for safe-keeping in a kind of fort or earth-works, behind which we had to squat down to prevent the red devils from shooting us. Pretty soon a big Indian came in the fort and tomahawked and scalped one of my men named MURPHY right before my eyes. We would all have been killed had not TECUMSEH heard of the outrage, and he came into the fort and made a speech to the Indians. I knew a little of the Indian lingo then, and remembered his telling the Indians that it was cowardly to kill unarmed men in captivity. Oh yes, TECUMSEH was a great man......

"'You're right, I have seen some remarkable changes in my time. Why, I was the MOODY of the hard-cider campaign for HARRISON in 1840. There's plenty of people hereabout that can tell you I raised almost as great crowds for Old Tippecanoe, and held them in the same manner.'

"'Wasn't HARRISON pretty much of an old grandmother?'

"'Well, ya'as, but you see we didn't know it then. We were fighting for the man we had known thirty years before, and he had kind of growed away from us. But he was a good man, and represented my principles. You see I was, and am still, a regular old-line HENRY CLAY Whig in politics, and a St. JOHN-in-the-wilderness, milk-and-honey, ironsides Baptist in religion; none of your sprinkled fellows, but a regular dipped-in-the-water-of-Jordan Baptist. Talking of great men, HENRY CLAY was the greatest man America ever produced. He was my friend.' As the old man eloquent said this, his form grew proudly stiff, and his eye flashed with unwonted fire. 'Ah! there's none like him now. He was the pure patriot, and the lover of his kind.'"

General COOMBS studied law after his experience in the war of 1812, and practiced it for upward of thirty years. When the Mexican war broke out, he aided largely in raising volunteers in Kentucky. Before and during the rebellion he was a strong Union man. In 1860 he was the Union candidate for clerk of the highest court in Kentucky, and he was elected by a majority of 23,223 over his leading competitor. He associated himself with General LOVELL H. ROSSEAU, afterward a gallant Union general, in procuring arms and in drilling Union soldiers, whose value was proved when the crisis came.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE recent reunion of the Smith family, held in Pennsylvania, was one of the saddest occasions in the history of the republic. The overwhelming task of entertaining regrets for the absent ones left little time for any but sorrowful reflections. It is understood also that there is considerable ill feeling because the Smyths, Smythes, Schmidts, Schmitts, Schmits, Schmitzes, Schmizes, Smidts, Smitts, Smits, Smitzes, and other branches of the family were not invited.

New York has been suffering from a visitation of mosquitoes, such as is seldom experienced. They seemed to have been wafted over from New Jersey, and they fell to work as though they were apprehensive that the wind would soon change.

The result of the recent election in the Cherokee Nation is given by the *Cherokee Advocate*, the official journal. Among the successful candidates for councillors were Tim Muskrat, Che Che, Dave Muskrat, and Peach Eater Sixkiller. Tan-you-nee-see is the new solicitor for one of the districts. Mankiller Catcher was elected a district judge, though it is difficult to understand why he was not made a sheriff.

There are several strictly vegetarian restaurants in London. The first was opened some five or six years ago by a Scotchman, who now entertains over seven hundred persons a day, and is making a fortune. It is said that the prices are very moderate, that the cooking is excellent, and that the place and the attendants are scrupulously neat. In another eating-house of the same kind three courses of vegetables and fruits are sold for a shilling. Another does not hold strictly to vegetarianism, but serves fish to its customers. In none of them can intoxicating liquors be bought.

The only form of oath among the Shoshone Indians is, "The earth hears me, the sun hears me—shall I lie?" "And then," says a Western paper, "the big chief does lie with double-barrelled mendacity."

A pastor in Philadelphia runs a cigar store besides attending to his clerical duties, and in view of the increase of his income from this source, the church trustees have reduced his salary.

Conversation on a sea-side hotel veranda between a young man and an elderly guest:

YOUNG MAN. "I must have seen you somewhere, sir?"

ELDERLY GUEST. "Very likely: I am a pawnbroker."

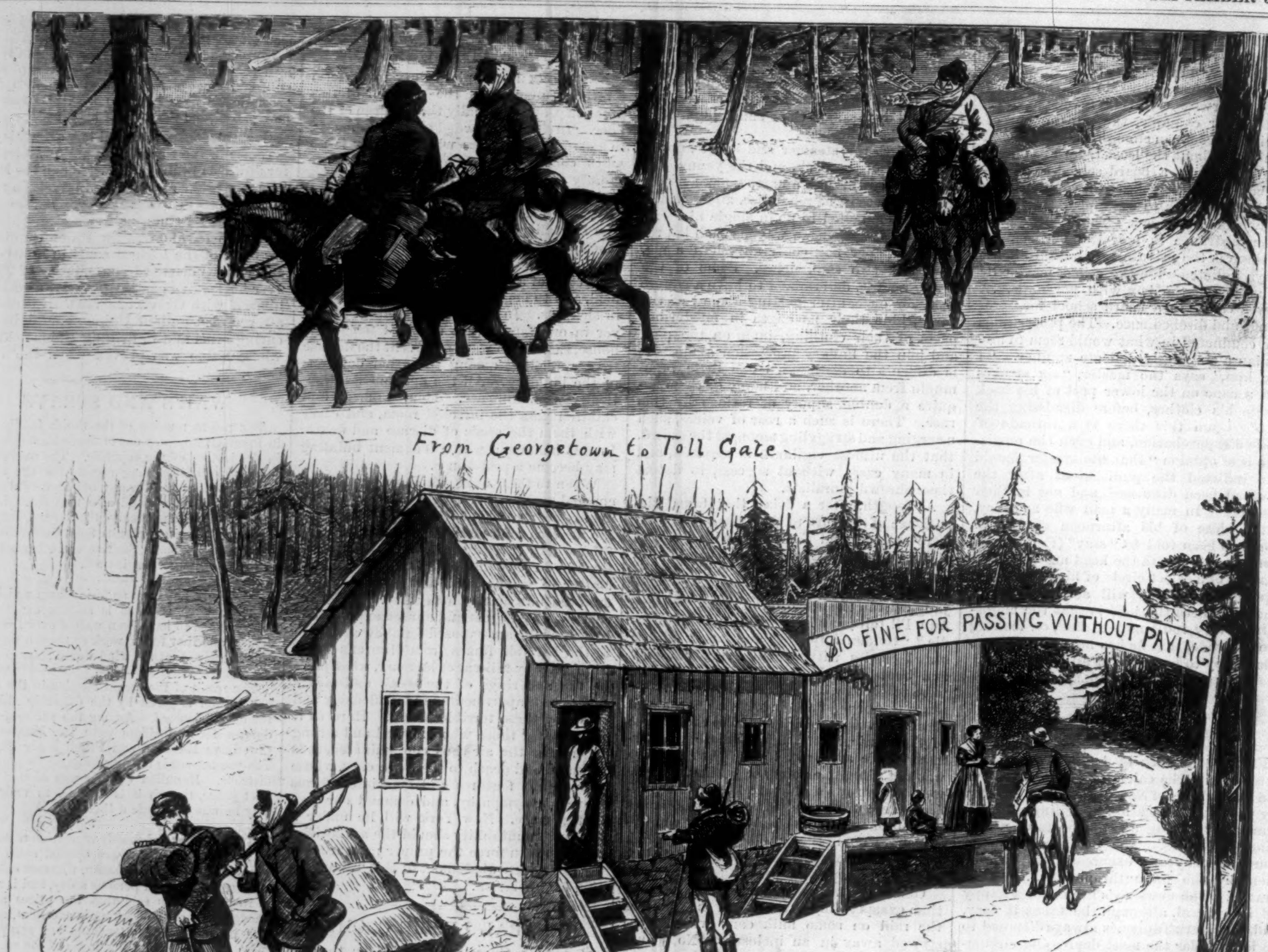
A Colorado paper tells of a flock of sheep the black wool of which was turned white in a single night by terror. Next we shall hear from Nevada of a man whose homespun coat grew white between days on account of the fright of the sheep from which the wool for the coat was clipped.

A Texas sheriff's posse went out to arrest a party of offending negroes. The local paper's account of the expedition says that it "resulted fatally to three negroes, one of whom was hanged."

Board and shelter for small dogs at the Saratoga hotels cost less than at Cape May, and the pets are thus able to have many minor luxuries. They have, according to a writer, fresh ribbons twice a day, three naps, four baths, and a little nurse girl who for a dollar a week attends to their wants.

Fashionable young men at the French watering-places have adopted fleecy ruffles in the place of glistening shirt fronts and cuffs, and they carry gayly colored sun-umbrellas, thus rivalling the women in costly laces and conspicuous colors.

The mummified remains of no less than thirty royal personages have recently been brought to light in Egypt. The lot includes such royal mummies as King Thutmes III. and Ramses II. The former was the builder of the obelisk which was taken from Egypt and erected upon the Thames Embankment in London, and the latter caused his own titles and honors to be inscribed on the same shaft beside those of Thutmes III., two hundred and seventy years after the monolith was first set up in Egypt. It is said that there can be no doubt as to the identity of these mummies, since the mortuary appendages fully prove them to be genuine. The two deceased monarchs are now lying side by side in the Boulak Museum, and even the flowers that were offered to the dead more than three thousand years ago may to-day be seen encircling the masks which cover their faces.


From Georgetown to Toll Gate
$10 FINE FOR PASSING WITHOUT PAYING
Toll Gate
WR
Topping the Agentine Pass
Bad Travelling For Tender feet

HARDSHIPS OF TRAVEL IN COLORADO.

ROUGH LIFE IN COLORADO.

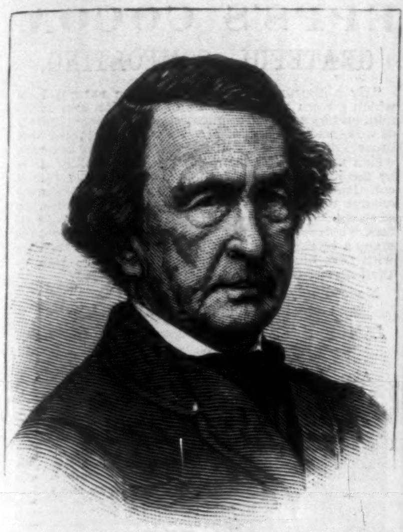
The scene of the illustrations on this page lies near the eastern border of the Middle Park, Colorado, which is walled in by the Front or Snowy Range of the Rocky Mountains on the east, and on the west by the Park Mountains. It embraces a territory of about 3000 square miles, and contains the famous hot sulphur springs, whose medicinal qualities have attracted many tourists and invalids to that region. Georgetown, whence the travellers in our sketch set forth, is a thriving mining town, situated on the Front Range, at an altitude of 8412 feet, about seven miles from Gray's Peak. It derives its prosperity from the working of the silver mines in the vicinity, which are thought to be practically inexhaustible. It possesses a national bank, a daily and a weekly newspaper, four churches, and a number of fine hotels, besides large reduction works.

The Argentine Pass, so formidable to pedestrians with tender feet, is a depression in the Front Range about 13,000 feet high. Two miles from the pass rises Gray's Peak to the height of more than 14,000 feet, its sides covered with forests of large evergreen trees, chiefly Douglas spruce and yellow pine.

Travel in the mountain wilds of Colorado is not what would be called a luxury, whether one goes for business or sport. The roads, or rather trails, are in the most primitive condition, and many are the hardships which the pedestrian must undergo before he finds himself at the rude way-side inn, where he can pull off his boots, indulge in a good wash, and refresh the inner man with a substantial meal.

THE LAST SALUTATION.

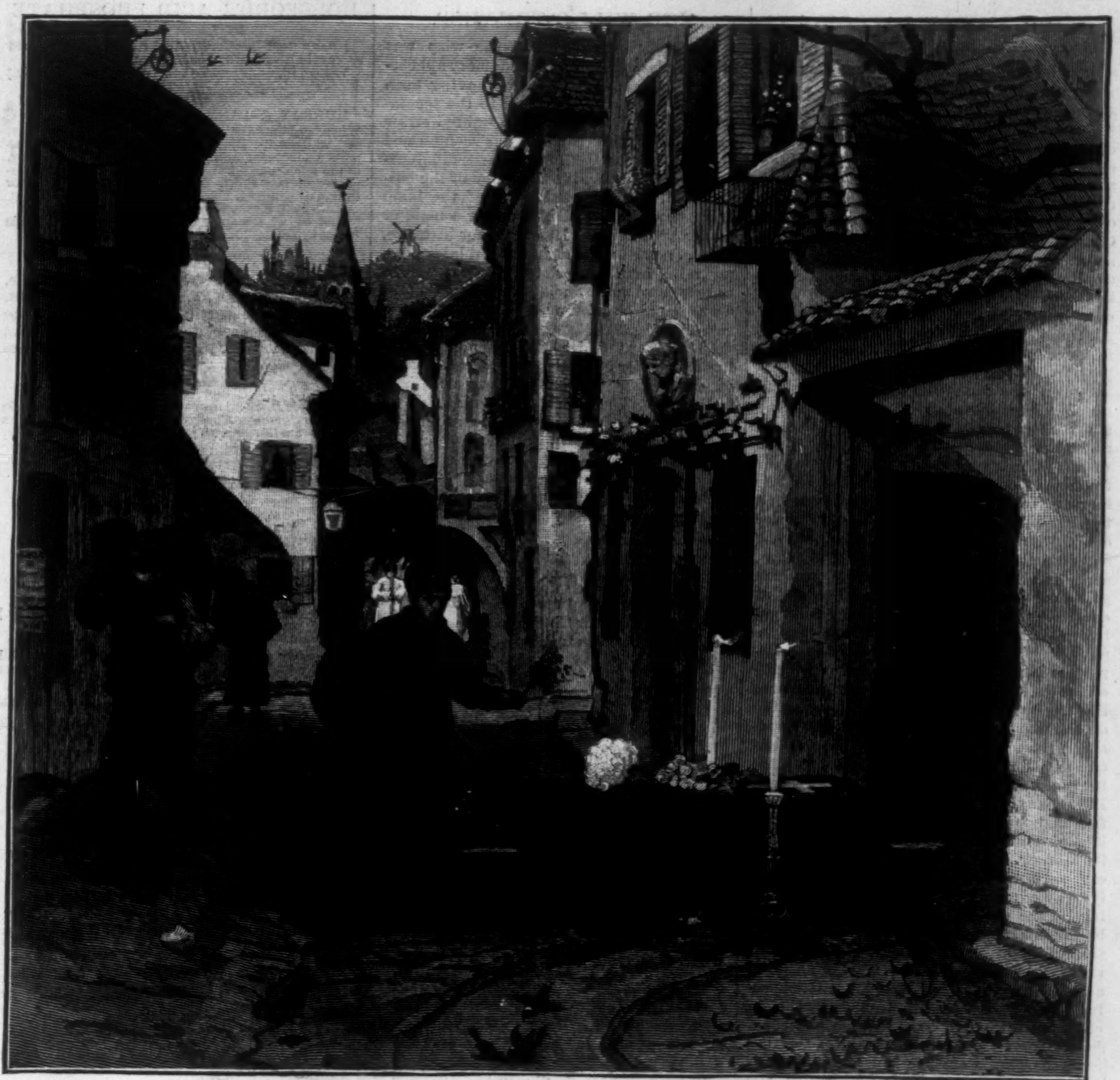
This picture gives a scene in a French village, and illustrates a very touching custom of the country. So far from surrounding the chamber of death with gloomy accessories, every effort is made to rob the last rites paid to poor humanity of all that would excite or increase depressing thoughts. In country places the coffin is placed in the street, at the door of the house, covered with black drapery, on which white crosses are embroidered. On either side stands a tall candle, whose unsteady flame casts a soft, mellow light amongst the folds of the drapery. At the foot is placed a silver bowl containing holy water, and a sprig of green box, with which the passer-by may sprinkle the coffin, and for the last time bestow a benediction on



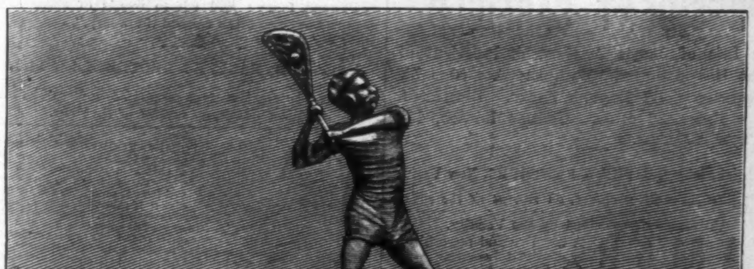
THE LATE GENERAL LESLIE COOMBS.
PHOT. BY MULLEN, LEXINGTON, KY.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

the dead. The preparations for the funeral are made some time before the body is to be carried to the grave. It fills a stranger unaccustomed to such a sight with emotion to come suddenly upon the draped coffin standing at the silent doorway. He may see a sturdy country woman take the sprig of box, sprinkle a few drops of the holy water on the coffin in the form of the cross, utter a few words of prayer, and pass silently on her way. A merry group of children, coming unexpectedly on the scene, hush their laughter, the boys take off their caps, all salute the dead, and walk quietly by. Laboring-men stand a moment with uncovered heads, and tread softly as they pass by the coffin.

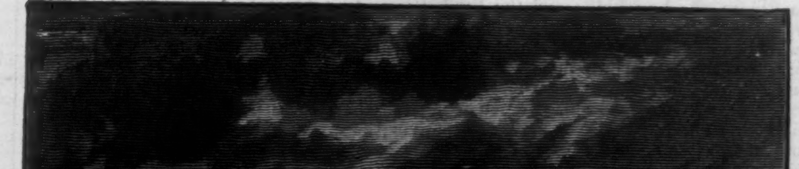
At length the little procession is formed, and winds its way through the crooked streets toward the little cemetery just outside the village. The priest, chanting the service in solemn tones, walks at the head, followed by the choir boys, one of whom bears the incense, another a tall staff surmounted by a silver cross. The stranger, gazing on the little procession until it disappears, will see men, women, and children salute the dead with the same tender respect; and he must have a callous heart indeed who does not find something very beautiful and touching in this last farewell.



THE LAST SALUTATION.—DRAWN BY J. S. DAVIS.



THE OELRICHS LACROSSE TROPHY.—[SEE PAGE 606.]



THE LIGHTED BUOY, NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

THE GAME OF LACROSSE.

It was while the base-ball excitement was at its height, something more than ten years ago, that the game of lacrosse first attracted attention in this country. The whole younger part of the nation was then ball mad. No town or hamlet was too small or too remote to have its base-ball club, and some of these country clubs by their superior playing made themselves known all over the country. Among the Indians in Canada lacrosse had long been a popular sport. A good player required a quick eye, a strong arm, a fleet foot, and the ability to keep in rapid motion for a long time without tiring and without "losing his wind." All these good points the Indians possessed, and some of them were very expert lacrosse players. They prided themselves particularly on their running. Accustomed to making long journeys on foot, to fatigue and hardship, they were toughened to a degree that could not be approached by the whites of their own country, with whom they frequently came into competition on the lacrosse field. From its beginning among the Indians in Canada (and no one can say exactly how or when it began), the game spread among the *habitans* of the Dominion, and in a short time became the recognized game of the country, just as base-ball at one time was thought to be our own "national game." Lacrosse could not long be played by our cousins north of the St. Lawrence without making its way into the United States, and as soon as it was seen it was liked. But while it met the approbation of ball players, it encountered violent opposition from their friends. It was considered too laborious, too exciting, for our more nervous and delicate young Americans. Physicians described the dangers of such fast and long-continued running, and anxious parents tried to smother the game in its infancy. It was too lively a sport to be crushed out, however, and gradually it made its way over the country, aided in its coming by the gradual dying out of the base-ball mania. Its growth was not as rapid as that of its predecessor on the ball field, and it was not till June, 1879, that a national association was formed, the delegates meeting in the Astor House in this city. Eleven clubs were then represented, most of them being from towns in this and adjoining States. They were the New York, the Ravenswood, the New York University, the Osceola (of Elmira), the Brooklyn, the Union (of Boston), the Westchester, the Harvard, the Elmira, the Bay Ridge, and the Bradford (Pennsylvania) clubs. "The United States National Lacrosse Amateur Association" was then formed, with Mr. **Herman Oelrichs**, of this city, as president. Mr. **Oelrichs**, while he meets the demands made upon him by New York society, finds time to interest himself in yachting, rowing, polo playing, and lacrosse, and is exceedingly proficient in all these arts and sciences. This American association was modelled after the National Lacrosse Association of Canada, which has been in existence for some years.

Lacrosse is played with a ball of India rubber sponge from eight to nine inches in circumference, and there are twelve players on each side, known as the goal-keeper, the point, the cover-point, the centre, the home, and the fielders. There are two goals, each composed of two poles six feet apart. These goals may be put as far apart or in such positions as the two sides agree upon. The "crosse," with which the ball is handled, is like a small fish net, in the form of a palm-leaf, and with close meshes. The ball is never touched with the hand unless it lodges in some place where the crosse can not reach it; and the object of the game, as in polo, is to drive the ball through the opponents' goal. There are two umpires at each goal in a match game, and these four select a referee, who is the king of the lacrosse field. The New York Lacrosse Club is still one of the leading clubs of the country. In the national championship match in Newport last week the New-Yorkers defeated the Union Athletic Club of Boston, the former champions, and brought to this city the symbol of their victory, the championship cup.

This very tasteful lacrosse trophy, of which we give an illustration on page 605, was manufactured by Messrs. **Bartens & Rice**, of this city. It is of sterling hammered silver, and twenty-five inches in height, including base, which is of ebony. The graceful figure of the lacrosse player was modelled from life, and is by good judges pronounced perfect in action and detail. The cup is handsomely ornamented in front with two crossed lacrosse sticks and ball. It is known as the "Oelrichs Trophy," as it was presented by Mr. **Herman Oelrichs**, of New York, to the National Lacrosse Association for annual competition among its members, the winning club to hold it for one year.

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

The appellation Will-o'-the-wisp was probably derived from its customary appearance, this wandering meteor having been personified because it looked to the spectators like a person carrying a lighted straw torch in his hand. Hence it has been termed Jack, Gill, Joan, Will, or Robin indifferently, in accordance with the fancy of the rustic mind, the supposed spirit of the lamp being thought to resemble either a male or female apparition. Hentzner, for instance, in his *Travels in England* (1598), relates how, returning from Canterbury to Dover, "there were a great many Jack-a-lanthorns, so that we were quite seized with horror and amazement."

In Worcestershire the phenomenon is termed by the several names of "Hob-and-his-lanthorn," "Hobany's lanthorn," and "Hoberdy's lanthorn"—the word Hob in each case being the same name as occurs in connection with the phrase hobgoblin. It appears that in days gone by Hob was a frequent name among common people, and curiously enough Coriolanus (Act ii. sc. 3) speaks of it as used by the citizens of Rome:

> "Why in this wolfish gown should I stand here
> To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear
> Their needless vouches?"

Subsequently Hob seems to have been used as a substitute for Hobgoblin, as in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (Act iv. sc. 6):

> "From elves, hobs, and fairies,
> From fire-drakes or fiends,
> And such as the devil sends,
> Defend us, good Heaven!"

The expression *ignis fatuus*, or foolish fire, originated in its leading men astray, as in the *Tempest* (Act iv. sc. 1), where Stephano says, "Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the jack with us"—a passage which is explained by Johnson thus, "He has played Jack-with-a-lantern; he has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire." Thus Gray describes it,

> "How Will-a'-wisp misleads night-gazing clowns
> O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs."

Again, the term "fire-drake," which is jocularly used in *Henry VIII.* (Act v. sc. 4) for a man with a red face, was one of the popular names for the Will-o'-the-wisp; in allusion to which Burton in his *Anatomie of Melancholy* says, "Fiery spirits or devils are such as commonly work by fire-drakes or *ignes fatui*, which lead men often in *flumina et præcipitia.*" It appears also that in Shakspeare's day "a walking fire" was another common name for the Will-o'-the-wisp; to which he probably refers in *King Lear* (Act iv. sc. 3), where, Gloster's torch being seen in the distance, the fool says, "Look, here comes a walking fire," whereupon Edgar replies, "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock." Hence Mr. Hunter considers that Flibbertigibet was a name for the Will-o'-the-wisp. That, however, this phenomenon was known as the "walking fire" is evident from the old story "How Robin Goodfellow led a Company of Fellowes out of their Way." "A company of young men having been making merry with their sweethearts, were, at their coming home, to come over a heath. Robin Goodfellow, knowing of it, met them, and, to make some pastime, he led them up and down the heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it: for he went before them in the shape of 'a walking fire,' which they all saw and followed till the day did appear; then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words:

> "'Get home, you merry lads,
> Tell your mammies and your dads
> And all those that newes desire
> How you saw a walking fire;
> Wenches that doe smile and lispe
> Use to call me Willy Wispe.'"

The Will-o'-the-wisp is not, it would seem, confined to land, sailors often meeting with it at sea, an elegant description of which is given by Ariel in the *Tempest* (Act i. sc. 2):

> "Sometimes I'd divide
> And burn in many places; on the topmast,
> The yards and bowsprit; would I flame distinctly,
> Then meet and join."

A curious illustration of this phenomenon is recorded in *Hakluyt's Voyages* (1598, iii. 450): "I do remember that in the great and boisterous storm of this foul weather, in the night there came upon the top of our main-yard and mainmast a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo.* This light continued aboord our ship about three houres, flying from mast to mast and from top to top, and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once." This meteor was by some supposed to be a spirit, and by others an exhalation of moist vapors, thought to be engendered by foul and tempestuous weather.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN LASSITUDE.
I have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate with good success in lassitude and enervation.
Venice, Ill. C. S. Yourree, M.D.—[*Adv.*]

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When used in the bath or at the toilet, purifies, softens, and whitens the skin; refreshes, invigorates, and imparts a delightful sensation of coolness and buoyancy, at the same time diffusing a charming and lasting fragrance of rare exotic flowers. It is greatly superior to Eau de Cologne.
Lanman & Kemp, New York, Sole Proprietors.
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'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And with the boys, they have Castoria.
It is a fact, there is no "may be,"
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
While sweet Castoria digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.—[*Adv.*]

Faded or gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and perfume.—[*Adv.*]

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FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS.
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Ask your Druggist or Grocer for one of the little pamphlets issued by the Anglo-Swiss Company, telling how Condensed Milk and Milk Food should be prepared for Infants. It has saved many lives.
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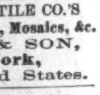

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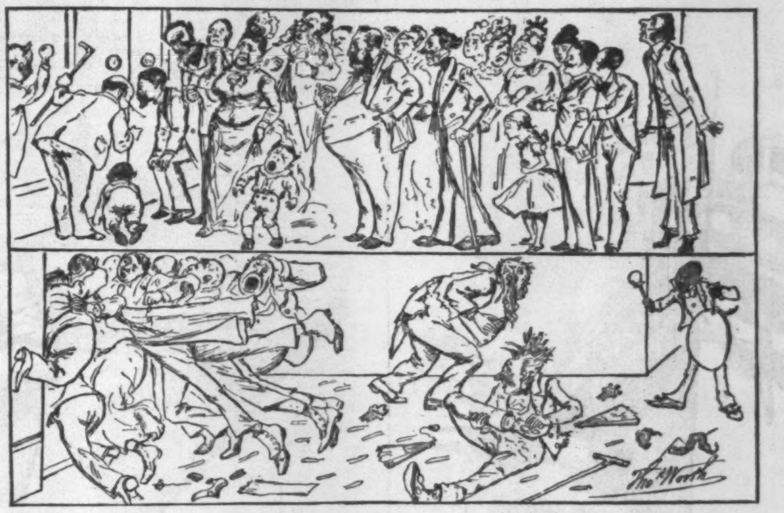

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